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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<b>DIARY OF THE WEEK</b> ...	651
<b>POLITICS AND AFFAIRS</b> :-	
North against South ...	664
The Strength of England ...	665
The New Tory Demagogic ...	666
Europe and the Elections ...	667
<b>LIFE AND LETTERS</b> :-	
Our "Educated" Classes ...	668
The Element of Calm ...	670
Life in Old Crete ...	671
Nature the Radical ...	672
<b>LETTERS FROM THE EMPIRE</b> :-	
What Canada is Thinking. By Scots ...	673
<b>COMMUNICATIONS</b> :-	
The Law of Electoral Corruption. By S.D.S. ...	674
<b>LETTERS TO THE EDITOR</b> :-	
The Law of the Surplus. By Andrew Carnegie ...	675
The Character of the Indian Police. By Sir William Wedderburn ...	675
The Psychology of Conversion. By Adela Constance Smith, V.P., and Dr. Maurice B. Wright ...	676
Etonian Manners. By Mrs. L. Barbara Hammond and J. S. Boothroyd ...	676
Magyar Persecution of a Roumanian Poet. By R. W. Seton-Watson ...	677
<b>BOOKS IN BRIEF</b> :-	
The Literary Profession in the Elizabethan Age ...	688
The Isle of Men ...	689
By the Waters of Egypt ...	690
Chats on Old Silver ...	691
London in the Nineteenth Century ...	692
Irish Ways ...	693
The Two Empires: The Church and the World ...	694
Love Intrigues of Royal Courts	695
<b>THE WEEK IN THE CITY</b> . By Janus	
	698

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## Diary of the Week.

THE General Election is more than half over as we write. The mass of the boroughs have polled, but the county constituencies have not polled in sufficient numbers to give us an adequate impression of their mind. The urban vote is an improvement on the results of 1885, a year of decisive Liberal victory. The county constituencies appear to indicate a decline from the standard of that year, when the agricultural laborers first joined the electorate. On no day have the Unionists achieved the result necessary to the attainment of a majority—the winning of one out of every two Ministerial seats in England. The defeat of Protection therefore would seem to be assured, and that, in its turn, denotes a victory for the Budget and a defeat for the Lords, the single issue defined by the Prime Minister in his electoral address, and rehearsed by him with unfaltering firmness throughout the progress of the election.

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THE one subject of debate is the size and character of the Ministerial majority, which seems likely to range from 100 to 150 votes. As for topics, the Tories almost absolutely ignored the House of Lords. "If we had fought on that issue," said one of their organisers to the present writer, "we should not have held fifty seats. We had one cry, 'Tax the foreigner,' and we had no other." In other words, they have a single issue, Protection, which restores their party strength, but on which they cannot win. The aggregate vote seems to be decisively against the Lords, and this (Friday) morning, the plurality in our favor was about 70,000 votes. Labor almost maintains its *status quo*, and the splits with Liberalism have been

rather less damaging to the common cause than was expected. Up to the time of writing, however, six seats have thus been lost. But the most significant features of the election are, first, the appearance of two Englands—North and South—one Radical, Constitutional, Progressive, and Free Trade, the other Protectionist and indifferent to or ignorant of the constitutional issue; and, secondly, a class stratification similar to the geographical one. The Government has the great middle mass, the Opposition the top layer and some of the bottom. The Government has organised, independent labor, the Opposition the more dependent classes.

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THIS serious and probably permanent cleavage appears less strikingly in the industrial North, where a united stand for Free Trade has been made by masters and men in the cotton trade; in Scotland, where the tidal wave of 1906 seems to have barely receded; and in Wales, where, as in Scotland, the Free Churches exist as a moderating and yet progressive force. Ireland, like every other Celtic element in our population, stands indifferent to the emotional disturbance of the Anglo-Saxons. Having secured the re-assertion of Home Rule, she has joined hands afresh with Liberalism and shown the utmost loyalty and warmth. On this point political leaders like Mr. O'Connor and journalists like Mr. Diamond have done service which deserves the clearest recognition.

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THE personal results are singularly suggestive. Every Cabinet Minister who has gone to the poll—Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Buxton, Mr. Burns, Mr. Runciman, Mr. Samuel—has been elected, but four minor Ministers, Mr. Pease, the chief whip, Colonel Seely, Sir Henry Norman, and Mr. Causton, have been defeated, Sir Henry through no fault of his own, but through the same kind of party work which cost Sir George Doughty his seat at Grimsby. Powerful personalities, joined to the Party machine, have done extremely well—Mr. Churchill has actually a majority of over 6,000 votes in Dundee, a remarkable tribute to intellectual and magnetic force. On the other hand enforced absence from constituencies—such as Sir Henry Cotton's, Mr. Crooks's, Professor Stuart's—has been blindly avenged, the electors requiring the closest and most strenuous courting. Only Mr. Chamberlain, permanently cut off from the life of his town and country, remains a kind of electoral Svengali, whose mesmeric power is even increased. Intellectual aloofness, such as that of Mr. Cox and Lord Robert Cecil, has been ruthlessly flung aside in this close and heated war of the big battalions. So far as geography is concerned, Liberalism triumphs in Wales, and from Scotland to about the northern Midlands, Yorkshire, and Lancashire practically repeating, even in majorities, the unparalleled verdict of 1906. The East will probably be Liberal, and perhaps also the West, with some marked exceptions. On the other hand, a solid and broadening reef of Toryism and Protection stretches from Birmingham and the western Midlands to the Southern Counties, broken by industrial London.

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If we range the leading cities of Great Britain according to their economic faith, the preponderance of Free Trade is at once made evident. Thus:—

FREE TRADE.	PROTECTIONIST.
Industrial London, including the Port.	Residential London.
Manchester.	Liverpool.
Glasgow.	Birmingham.
Leeds.	Sunderland.
Bristol.	Portsmouth (?)
Bradford.	Devonport.
Edinburgh.	Brighton.
Sheffield (by votes).	Preston (?)
Hull.	Bath.
Salford.	Chester.
Nottingham (by votes).	Oxford.
Newcastle.	
Leicester.	
Derby.	
Dundee.	
Norwich.	
Plymouth.	
Southampton.	
Blackburn.	
Bolton.	
Halifax.	
Northampton.	
Aberdeen.	
Oldham.	
Stockport.	
Ipswich.	
Cardiff.	
Merthyr Tydvil.	
Rochdale.	
Huddersfield.	
Swansea.	
Hartlepool.	
Darlington.	
Stockton.	
Middlesbrough.	
Grimsby.	

\* \* \*

EVEN from these results a deduction must be made, and it is doubtful whether either the Portsmouth, or the Devonport, or the Preston results were other than nominal and accidental victories for Protection, or whether on that issue alone the result would not be reversed. As for the Liverpool verdict, it is incomparably less conclusive, on the one side, than that of Manchester on the other.

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ON the other hand, as we approach the smaller populations, the homes of the little industries—which would be swept up into trusts under Protection—the valetudinarian resorts (Bath, Bournemouth, Brighton), the suburban, sub-London constituencies (otherwise the Home Counties), the cathedral towns (with the exception of Norwich, York, and Lincoln), the dockyard and arsenal centres, and finally the hole and corner boroughs, relics of an obsolete electoral system, like Falmouth, we find the Protectionist strength growing stronger and stronger. In a word, the moral force of the Protectionist case is far weaker even than its voting power. When iron, steel, cotton, mining, shipping, call for the retention of Free Trade, no effective demand for a change to Protection can arise from the small industries, the retailers, and the middlemen. England cannot be governed from its bath chairs.

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IN London the division of opinion is acute and, as in the country, largely geographical. The North and the industrial East (a city of a million poor or poorish men) are predominantly Free Trade, and the same may be said of the inner Southern ring. Probably the same

results will accrue in the densely populated suburban quarters of East London, modified by the hostile vote of the clerks, protectionist against every economic interest that their daily life yields. On the other hand, the West End stretches a long arm from its central squares and palaces to the suburban towns and the villa cities, with their boundaries of green fields or downs and golf courses, which stretch at intervals to the Sussex and Kentish coasts. Never was there a more distinct and absolute class cleavage, aggravated and made humiliating to the actual citizens of these dependent areas by swarms of freehold and faggot voters. On the one side stand the very rich in a compact body, voting as they never voted before, and operating on sections of the very poor by a flashing display of wealth, direct and indirect bribery, intimidation, or mere cajolery, backed by an overwhelming use of motor cars, the scientific machinery of the new electioneering. Indifferent to this display of arrogant and patronising wealth, and even bitterly and ominously resentful of it, are ranged the mass of the organised and more skilful workmen, pupils of the Board Schools, and sternly resolved to keep their constitutional rights free and their bread untaxed.

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WITH regard to the counties, the results declared up to this (Friday) do not seem to be particularly promising. Some of the least stable constituencies have been put first in certain instances, we are informed, by the deliberate action of the returning officers—a distinct breach of a public trust for party purposes. In the North the returns follow the verdict of the towns, with equal strength in the industrial districts, only a little less notably in the agricultural centres. In the Home Counties, Midlands, and Eastern Midlands, the Tory wave has mounted higher than in the towns; indeed, each current swells as the election goes on. Anti-Socialism in the governing classes, and timidity, imitativeness, aided by the grossest forms of social pressure, in their dependents, appear to be the ruling motives in this part of England, where the majorities for reaction are as sweeping as those of the North for progress. One seat has been lost in Scotland, and one in Wales, but both the constituencies and the majorities were insignificant, and the general tendency has been to emphasise even the tremendous progressive verdict of 1906. Of more direct electoral significance are the signs that the agricultural laborer has, to some extent, been frightened out of his usual steadfastness to the only political cause in which he believes. Liberal seats have been lost in Lincolnshire, Wilts, Somerset, Huntingdonshire, Suffolk, and Norfolk, and the Essex returns are unfavorable.

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MEANWHILE, we hope that all Liberal candidates will keep in the forefront of the argument in the counties the salient fact that the contract notes of millers all over the country now specify in the clearest language the decision of the trade to put up the price of flour to an amount corresponding to the change effected by the duty, *whether the wheat actually used in its manufacture has paid the duty or no*. In other words, the price of the entire home product will be raised the moment the foreign product is taxed, and Mr. Balfour's pretended theory of cheapness as the result of food taxes has the lie given it in advance. We quote the following from a contract note sent out by the Battersea Flour Mills, which lies before us:—

**"Should a Duty on Wheat be imposed, repealed, or varied, the price per cwt. of all flour to be delivered**

**under this contract is at once to be increased or reduced by the same amount as the alteration in the Duty per cwt. on Wheat, whether the Wheat used in its manufacture shall have been affected by such alteration or not."**

\* \* \*

We shall be glad to receive from Liberal members, candidates, and agents, accounts of bribery, treating, intimidation, the eviction of tenants, attempts to undermine the secrecy of the ballot, and other illegal and corrupt practices that have extensively prevailed during this election, especially in the counties.

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THE correspondent of the "Times" in Pekin sends to his journal a full and optimistic account of the first deliberations of the consultative provincial councils which met for the first time throughout China in October. They were elected on a mixed property and education qualification, and among the members the official and graduate class predominated, while the leadership has often gone to young men trained in China and Europe. They are as yet rather an experiment in free speech than in representative Government. There was some academic discussion about the constitutional ideal. But, in the main, the deliberations seem to have been very practical. There was a general approval of the honest efforts which almost everywhere are being made to suppress the sale and use of opium. One assembly talked much of the improvement of agriculture. Another debated the means to be taken to eradicate superstition and suppress the custom of foot-binding. Another proposed the simplification of the Chinese script. Several engaged in successful conflicts with Viceroy or President to safeguard their rights of free discussion. The general tone was one of frank and fearless criticism. The whole result is to prove the reality of a progressive movement, and the ripeness of educated China for the present cautious advance.

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On Wednesday the Chiragan Palace, in which the Turkish Parliament has been installed, was almost totally destroyed by fire. The mere financial loss is serious; the archives of the Chamber have perished in the flames, and in the Palace itself and its decorations is involved the loss of a beautiful and characteristic piece of architecture. The news that the Turkish masses seem to regard this mishap as an intervention of Providence against Liberal ideas is as interesting as it is deplorable. Ahmet Riza Bey, say the old-fashioned, has brought no luck with him, and the clergy are ready enough to point the moral. It will be the work of a generation for the educated Turks to leaven this old-world lump. Meanwhile, the news from Macedonia is decidedly better than it had been for some months past. The recent repression of the Bulgarian element had gone dangerously far. The split in the Bulgarian ranks, which the Young Turks had done everything in their power to accentuate by backing the weaker and less reputable faction, has latterly occasioned several political murders. But the new Grand Vizier, Hakki Pasha, with the aid of the Bulgarian Dr. Daneff, promptly undertook a work of conciliation which seems to be meeting with a rapid success. The new régime has repeated some of the faults of the old. The vital difference is that it does strive for better things, that it has the candor to repair its mistakes, and that none of its lapses are irremediable.

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THE annual statistics of repression in Russia seem

at a first glance to be relatively encouraging. There were only 543 executions last year as against 782 in 1908. These statistics, however, may be incomplete. The number of persons exiled without trial has fallen even more signally—from 10,166 to 2,200. These totals are still painfully high, and there has been no relaxation in the severity of the prison treatment or the rigors of Siberian exile. Indeed, on reflection it is doubtful whether any happy augury can be drawn from the apparent decline in the figures of repression. For there is, after all, nothing to repress. The Azoff scandals have ruined terrorism, and the Social Democrats are concentrating chiefly on a brave effort to maintain some sort of trade union activity. A Government which really wished to be mild might without risk have abandoned coercion altogether. So far is that from being M. Stolypin's intention that he still magnifies every ground of suspicion, and rakes up offences long since buried in oblivion. It is significant of the attitude of the Court that the two assassins recently convicted in Finland of the murder of the Liberal Deputy, Hertzenstein, in 1906, were last week released by the Tsar's orders after a few months' imprisonment. The Tsar it was who also intervened to screen the Black Hundred leader, Dr. Doubrovin, from taking his trial for planning this same murder.

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THE French Chamber has been busied during the past week in a debate which does honor to its intellectual répute on the attitude of the "neutral" State schools towards religion. The cruder phase of the attack was delivered by certain Clericalist deputies, who complained that some of the text-books used in the State schools contain passages offensive to religious minds, and that the teachers deliberately preach atheism. To the first of these charges M. Briand had a good answer. One text-book at least was open to reproach, and it had been frankly withdrawn on the complaint of a Bishop. The charge against the teachers was put in a more plausible way by M. Barrès. They are inspired by a positive scientific spirit, and he finds in them a certain intellectual arrogance. Another orator described them as bringing to their work a missionary spirit, an almost religious fervor which in an early generation would have made them the devoutest of believers. The fact seems to be that they have an ardent and serious professional spirit, which leads them to value their moral and intellectual influence. Many of them are Socialists and the rest are Radicals. It is probable that even when their words are discreet, the tone of their teaching offends old-fashioned parents.

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THERE is no doubt that the German Empire has gained a more conciliatory Chancellor and Prussia a slightly more Liberal Minister-President in Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg. But the shade of opinion which separates him from Prince Bülow is on some questions too fine to be discerned. He had on Wednesday in the Prussian Diet to answer the charge that he had transferred to other posts officials, including even minor teachers and postmen, who committed the offence of voting for a Polish candidate in a by-election at Katowitz. His answer was an unflinching justification. The Polish movement, he said, is a danger to the Empire, and every Prussian official must learn that he dare not vote for a Polish candidate. In short, he reaffirmed all the harshest features of his predecessor's policy of repression, including, of course, the expropriation of Polish landowners. The honesty of this persecution is its only redeeming feature.

## Politics and Affairs.

### NORTH AGAINST SOUTH.

WHATEVER may be the final result of the General Election and the precise balance of parties it may produce, it is clear that the Government will maintain office, resting on forces strong in character and representative quality, as well as in numbers and resolution. Broadly speaking, these forces will represent the more northerly population of these islands with a large contingent from the Southern capital. They have, indeed, been cruelly miscounted under a system whereby the vote of Falmouth and Colchester has been made to stop the mouth of Leicester or Newcastle. But the force and direction of the two great electoral currents is clear. The North stands out against the South—Scotland, Wales, Yorkshire, Lancashire, the north-eastern and eastern corners of England against the Midlands, the Home Counties, and a nearly solid Southern Coast. This is not precisely a new phenomenon in our politics. It faintly crossed the Liberal sweep of four years ago, and set its mark on the earlier triumphs of 1880 and 1885. But it was never so deeply scored across our political life as it is to-day. There is no reason to deplore it, or to regard this schism in national politics as other than a sign of where lie the strong and progressive elements in modern British history, and where the feebler and more conservative ones. We have three nations out of the four, and the best half of the fourth. We have the Britain that has always been right; they have the Britain that has always been wrong. Roughly speaking, we have the makers and distributors of our wealth; they the spenders and manipulators of it. We hold the staple trades—cotton, woollens, iron, steel, tin-plates, shipping, mining; they the smaller ones, backed by the great parasitic speculative class, with its immense appanage of domestic or semi-domestic labor, which has found the funds for this money-primed assault on the liberties of the people, and has carried a wave of anti-democratic feeling right through the chief pleasure-ground of England to stem the movement of its working centres. This is a formidable confrontation. Nothing can more clearly be deduced from it than that it means the definite failure of "Tariff Reform." Southern England seldom won anything in modern politics. It has neither the courage nor the steadiness of which a winning line of battle is made up. Cheltenham cannot force a tariff on Manchester; Protection, as the Prime Minister well said, will never stand against the fixed decision of the productive energies of the nation. The Tories may think that it makes a good trump card. But it is a losing one. Manchester, Glasgow, Leeds, Bradford, Newcastle, have settled that bit of English history for ever.

Nevertheless the immediate and the proximate consequences of this voting are such as to cause grave searchings of heart among those who have always foreseen the seriousness of the situation that must follow upon the elections. A nation peculiarly wanting in the historic sense has come plump upon an old and deep quarrel, of which the minority, at least, have taken little heed. The assault of the Lords on the Constitution has failed in

the country; and it is a fact of great moment that their nominal defenders have, from the first, allowed the constitutional case to go by default. They have not dared to talk about the Lords; they have talked (and threatened) unemployment instead. They assumed that, if they succeeded, the country would give the go-by to the trifling fact that the unrepresentative House had claimed the dominant power in the Constitution. Absorbed in their burlesque arguments and bullying tactics, they chose to ignore the political crisis, which happens, nevertheless, to be the master-key to the economic one. The trade of Great Britain is absolutely secure under our Free Trade system; its Constitution lies in ruins by the act of the House of Lords, and must be rebuilt.

Now, it is a fact of great moment that this breach with the past has been effected by a revolution of the rich, seeking not merely to resist an attack on property, but to shift taxes from land to food, and to change the balance of political power. From the beginning this false start spoiled the Protectionist case. Now its whole consequences appear. It is certain that the country is for the Budget and against the Lords: it is not yet certain what majority, in mass and in kind, the Government will possess for dealing with the usurpation of the peers. But whether it be great or moderate, the party has placed itself under a definite engagement to secure the undivided supremacy of the House of Commons in finance, and the removal of the legislative veto. Clearly this pledge cannot be affected by the size of the Liberal majority—the only point of the electoral struggle now seriously at issue. If that majority is moderate, there is no chance that the Lords, who failed to respect a majority of 350, will consider it. If it is large, we have still to deal with a body that never resigns and never goes out, and will never abandon or qualify its fixed Toryism, let the electors say and think what they will. This body has held up the finances of the country. Not one Budget, but two Budgets, will be called for almost as soon as the new Parliament meets. Who can guarantee their fate? Who could guarantee a single Bill that the Government might propose to the representative Chamber? The "deadlock" that Lord Salisbury foresaw in 1894 as the result of the rejection of the Harcourt Budget, is upon us; and, even if it were resolved, the Liberal Party would still have to recover its lost power to legislate. A desperate challenge to the principle of representative Government lies under trial; involving the most momentous decision that the British Monarchy has had to take during its later history.

We must, therefore, regard the present elections as the opening chapter of a great political struggle, for which we stand equipped in advance with all the most stable elements in British politics. These elements have not been bribed or seduced or frightened; their verdict is already given with the utmost emphasis and weight, both of numbers and of enthusiasm; they are the Iron-sides of this conflict. Armed with their support, the Liberal, Labor, and Nationalist parties will march forward to the object to which they are unitedly and irrevocably fixed, the destruction of the political power of the House of Lords.

## THE STRENGTH OF ENGLAND.

THE electoral returns that have come to hand teach us one lesson clearly enough. They show the world where the strength of democracy lies, and with it the security for freedom and the hope of progress. The Cathedral cities, the "residential" boroughs, the clerk populations of West London, are sped like dead leaves before the blast of vain doctrine. They have reverted to their normal Toryism, indifferent to their own rights, ignorant of their national history, and content with the rule of the Peers. The relatively unorganised trades of the Midland region have gone with them. Elsewhere, throughout the North and in the industrial quarters of the South and West, organised labor stands firm as a rock against the assaults of reaction. If we save our liberties, we have the artisan classes to thank for them. We do not ignore the work of the isolated thinkers and leaders in the professional and business classes, or the enthusiasm which the new Liberalism has generated among them. It is probable that their leadership has been essential to give shape and form to the democratic movement, or to save it from the danger of losing itself in divisions between Socialist and Liberal. Nor do we undervalue the signal services of Liberal Nonconformity in keeping true to the colors a considerable proportion of the middle class, in holding up the banner of social freedom in the English counties, as well as in rallying Welsh and Scottish democracy. But when heads come to be counted, these forces would have been overwhelmed if the independent workman had not exercised his own judgment and made up his mind on the constitutional and on the tariff issue. It is this class whose vote has swept Manchester, Salford, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Newcastle, Hull, and, in a word, presents an almost solid phalanx for a free Constitution in the English boroughs north and south of the Mersey and the Humber.

Never have the forces dividing parties been more clearly shown by the geographical distribution of victories and defeats. The party of the Peers depends in the first place on society and wealth. Upon society and wealth the bulk of the professional classes and the vast population of clerks follow like sheep, and by methods well known in electioneering, they are able to sweep into their net large numbers of the poorer and dependent work-people. Lastly, by plural voting they are able to double and sometimes treble or quadruple their strength. In large measure the reactionary victories are parades of a stage army. Those who march through the polling booths to triumph at Norwood or Chelsea one day are counted over again in the smashing majority for Mr. Balfour a day or two later. Against these forces—against property counted twice or thrice over, and against the submissive clientèle of property—stands the organised workman, and, if the agricultural laborer stands with him as of old, he wins. It is here that the democratic principle lives, and here it is now revealed as so vital, so well-founded in intelligence and character, that we can no longer fear that it will die. An electoral defeat even now would not extinguish its spirit. We know at length that we have the heart and strength of England with us, and that our problem is that of dealing with

its weakness. We can put off those doubts of democracy which in later days have infected some men of strong human and popular sympathies. We want more democracy, not less, freedom from the chicaneries which give every advantage to wealth and privilege, organisation that will make democratic sentiment everywhere the living force that it is to-day in Manchester, Leeds, and Newcastle.

The secret of this force is revealed, we think, in the comparison between the political attitude of the clerk and the workman. The workman of the North is a democrat, not in politics alone, nor at times of election alone. He has for three generations been building up great organisations of his own, the friendly societies, the co-operative societies, and the trade unions. In these organisations the individual is not lost, as he is in the community of forty millions. His share in public life is a real share. He has duties as well as rights; he has responsibilities that come home to him; his decisions, as, for example, if he votes for or against a strike, definitely affect events; he is taught by clear, and sometimes hard, lessons the interaction of public and private affairs. For a generation he has enjoyed elementary education, and his leaders are making a beginning with University education. He is at once learning to think for himself and to act in concert with his fellows. The class of clerks, on the other hand, has had no such fortunate experience. By its economic position, it might conceivably have placed itself at the head of the labor world, in which relation its educational advantages would have given it weight and authority. But the social influences, always so strong in this country as to bewilder foreign observers and often to checkmate domestic reformers, have set its face in the opposite direction. The clerk differentiates himself from the workman, and yet organises no independent movement on his own behalf. He ranges himself with his employer and with the social powers that be, and in these days he is deeply impressed with the illusion of national decadence and the necessity of standing shoulder to shoulder in defence at once of our shores and of our commerce against the insidious Teuton. If he was more of a humorist, he would see the oddity of a tariff system to preserve our trade which is championed by Salisbury and Exeter and repudiated by Manchester and Leeds. But he is very serious in his alarms, and he knows that there are regions to which the pure milk of the word is not borne daily by the patriotic organisation of Messrs. Harmsworth or Pearson. Four years ago he, like many of the professional class, was much cooled by the manifest deficiencies of Mr. Balfour's administration, and he would not stir himself. To-day he is convinced that the crisis of the nation is at hand, and he has rallied to his cause in numbers sufficient to bring back the party vote to its normal figure or something more. For he has not worked out public questions with organisations of his own making, but has been content to take his politics by hearsay and on trust.

When we contrast these two classes—which have been the backbone of victory on the two sides—who can doubt about the future? We are standing not for the lifeless forms of a merely political democracy but for a new social order, a higher freedom secured by economic

emancipation, and a firmer solidarity based upon the rational and clear-sighted co-operation of equals. Inevitably, as we make clear the meaning of our programme, we enlist against it every force that selfishness, and stupidity, and privilege can command. The question was, would the body of the working population respond to our call in proportion sufficient to show that as a body they had gripped our meaning and were determined to realise the possibilities opened out to them? This response has been made. The brighter hopes which opened last year can no longer be dismissed as the dream of a few enthusiasts. They have taken hold of the mass of men who are doing the work of the country to-day and keeping Great Britain in the van of the world's civilisation. These are the men of grit and purpose, and though they have a heavy load to carry, they will win through with it, as in older and darker days they saved themselves and their children from ruin, by the historic effort of voluntary union and co-operation.

#### THE NEW TORY DEMAGOGY.

THERE is no feature of the elections which deserves closer attention than the way in which the party that stands for privilege has sought its prey among the class which, by small knowledge and intellectual skill, it thought to be the most open to assault. Not one weapon of so-called Conservatism has been forged or handled for the fairly trained mind. Its first task was to lower the tone of the controversy. Mr. Balfour coarsened the whole political appeal by calling an able and honorable opponent a liar. At once, the tone of the election declined. The word "lie" became common currency; it was applied to any kind of mistaken or strongly resented assertion, and it was habitually used by men who showed themselves most indifferent to accuracy of statement, and most ignorant of political or economic truth. This was a serious, but by no means the most serious, fault of the Tory campaign. Men who use money in order to influence opinion, as money has been used during the last few weeks, must mean to influence it for falsehood. And untruthfulness has been the governing feature of the Tory propaganda.

But the main dealing of the Opposition—who, happily, are likely to remain an Opposition for some time to come—has been in a new kind of base coin. They could not state a case on its merits and argue its strong points as earlier and fairly instructed controversialists were content to argue it. Every question must be begged. The very name "Tariff Reform" was an intended evasion, for the English tariff was "reformed" by a Conservative statesman more than sixty years ago, and cleared of the maze of taxes with which the neo-Tories are trying to cumber it afresh. But when the merits of Protection were debated, it was not enough to claim for it, as it is possible for an honest though uninstructed controversialist to claim, that it might increase employment. Mr. Balfour, having deliberately stated in 1903, that if a duty on corn was a benefit to the British farmer, it could only be an injury to the British consumer, must needs claim, in 1910, that it would reduce rather than

increase the price of bread. Thus an attempt was made in scores of constituencies, to advocate Protection, while attributing to it the special merit which every one familiar with the controversy knows to belong to Free Trade. Protection puts the producer before the consumer. This is its grand premiss; from it the whole Protectionist theory flows. No honest Protectionist dreams of arguing that import taxes, if they have the desired effect, benefit consumer and producer by the same stroke. One gains, the other loses. But the elegant contortionist of the new Protection took his line from the coarser acrobats of his troupe, and every Tory hack essayed the mental feat of declaring that everything was to be taxed and everything to be made cheaper.

The same process was applied to old age pensions. Mr. Ure's original statement was the perfectly truthful one that no Protectionist Budget would ever finance old age pensions, a statement which could not be disputed after Mr. Balfour's reduction of the revenue accruing from the new food taxes to zero. But the Tory Party were not content with denying the clear implication of their own muddled essays in economics. Their record in old age pensions was clear. They promised them. They squandered the money that would have paid for them on the South African war. When the Government introduced them, they opposed and belittled the scheme, condemned its finance as profligate, and finally settled with conviction on a scheme of contributory pensions. In other words, their direct policy, endorsed by Lord Lansdowne on the eve of the elections, was to change the basis of old age pensions from a free gift of the State to one of contribution. Under their Protectionist system the aged worker would have paid for his pensions twice over. He would have subscribed to them directly, and also in the enhanced price of his food. Yet, in the process of the evolution of a lie, a party with this record, and this express and implicit declaration of policy, went to the final length of declaring, in scores of thousands of posters, that old age pensions was the gift of the Unionist Party, and even, in a special degree, of the House of Lords! Had not the Lords passed them? And could not the credit of that act, one of obvious dross, be somehow snatched from the Liberal friends of the pensions policy and claimed for its sullen and resisting foes?

The first work of Tory demagogery was, therefore, its attempt to dazzle the mind of the people by doubling the merits of opposite policies, and especially of Protection and Free Trade. The old Protectionists were, at least, honest; the aristocracy took without shame their slice off the poor man's loaf, and made no bones about it. They did not produce a hocus-pocus loaf out of a conjuror's trick-bag, and pretend that it was good wheat and full measure. So far as morals were concerned, there was little to choose between the crude violence of the attack on the helpless poor of 1820 and the glozing, hypocritical approach to the half-armed democracy of 1910. This desire and plan to deceive have spread like an ulcer through the entire tissue of Toryism. Thus there never was a time in the history of the country when, judging by material strength, the power to resist invasion was greater than it is to-day. Yet the audacious

attempt was made, first, to treat every foreigner who sold goods to us, if he happened to be a German (the business of buying was suppressed), as a kind of thief and anti-British conspirator, stealing our workmen's job, in the same act in which he accumulated a fund for the building of "Dreadnoughts" and the imminent destruction of our fleet. In scores of constituencies the natural, healthy, indispensable, unchangeable, processes of international trade, from which they draw their life, were represented as poison in the nation's blood. Here, again, Mr. Balfour invented and nursed the legend and watched it grow into the gross forms into which it swelled, until one of his elected followers, Mr. Clyde, declared that the building of more German warships ought to be regarded as "an unfriendly act"—i.e., the occasion for an immediate declaration of war—and one of his former colleagues, Lord Cawdor, asseverated that Belfast was in danger of becoming a German dockyard, while a clerical supporter in Essex, not to lag behind in this holy war, pictured the Germans landing at Harwich, and, having "battered" that "poor little town," "taking a great big train and rushing on to London from Manningtree in three-quarters of an hour."

But over great spaces of country all forms of intellectual persuasion, even the crudest, were abandoned in favor of a direct invocation of terror, and a vote for the peers was extorted by every form of social pressure. Money and beer flowed like water, and hired bullies made their appearance in many constituencies. Here and there a local brewery practically directed the election. Sir Henry Norman tells a really terrible story of the eviction of poor men in Wolverhampton for showing Liberal bills, and the dismissal of workers of known Liberal opinions. From all parts of the rural districts come reports of the dismissal of employees on large estates last summer as a minatory hint to vote against the Budget. We are informed by candidates that "Vote Tory or lose your job" was the marching order very generally dealt out to the more dependent class of worker. This is the basest form in which corrupted and corrupting wealth has sought to make good its usurpation of political power. By threats barely disguised as canvassing, by the ostentatious collection of polling cards, coupled with the marking down of suspected Liberals and the direct assertion that the voter's identity would be disclosed through his number on the register, the men who possess all the social power have tried to dive down into the secret of the poor man's vote, and dodge the law's provision against discovery of it. We have reason to suspect a gross abuse of power by some returning officers; and we have accounts of the deliberate arrangement of a sequence of contests in adjoining constituencies, so that those most likely to give a win for Toryism might set an example to the others. The second form of frightening tactics, which was a thought less discreditable than the first, was to follow each wave of unemployment and work, often by means of carefully coached touts and imported spies, in places where it had left the deepest mark on the spirit of the population. These tactics were successful in Sunderland, in Nottingham, and in one or two other places, and the resistance to them has been nothing short of heroic.

Here and there an honest "Tariff Reformer," hanging on the hopes of a protective duty for his articles, dealt in a kind of conditional bribery. One manufacturer, assembling his workmen, promised them a five per cent. advance in wages if a duty were put upon his goods, and threatened to close down a factory if Free Trade were maintained. Where the workmen were massed in large factories, where the spirit of comradeship and mutual support existed, these tactics failed. Where they were isolated, or were only formed in petty groups, the plan not infrequently succeeded.

From the body of this appeal every worthy human element was eliminated. Patriotism put on the mask of hatred and fear. Charity became a threat, a hand that pointed the gulf of poverty at the end of the path to freedom. The cards were shuffled and re-shuffled so that no issue could be clearly discerned, and the plot to steal the workman's bread and vote could be hidden beneath a litter of false promises and false pictures of the nation's trade and politics. The Tories have not achieved their end, for Tariff Reform has no more chance in this Parliament than in the last. But they have shown that virtue has gone as much out of the English aristocracy as out of the class that made and paid for the French Revolution.

#### EUROPE AND THE ELECTIONS.

THERE was never a time when a General Election in Great Britain could have been a matter of indifference to Europe. Even when the Manchester School preached a universal policy of non-intervention in the affairs of the Continent, even when Lord Goschen boasted with a proud bitterness of our "splendid isolation," we were still a world-Power. The issue of the Midlothian Campaign affected European history as intimately as any other contest of the century, with the exception of the ballot which made Louis Napoleon President, and perhaps of that other struggle in which Gambetta worsted MacMahon. But we stand to-day within the European family as we have not stood for two generations. Our policy is a concern of close moment to France and to Russia, and it may affect not only the diplomacy but the finances of Germany. The tradition of continuity confines the perturbation, which a change of Government might naturally cause, within certain limits. Sir Edward Grey has introduced no innovations in the policy laid down by Lord Lansdowne, and if Lord Lansdowne were to return to Downing Street the main lines of our diplomacy would remain unchanged. But behind the framework of a continuous diplomacy, every reality of our world position would have undergone a change. The affirmation of the authority of the Lords in finance would have taken us out of the category of the Liberal Powers. The abandonment of Free Trade would complicate all our dealings with friend and rival alike. A retaliatory tariff might conceivably be used to make still more intimate our relations with our political friends. It would almost certainly involve us in a tariff war with Germany, which might precede and might even be

intended to produce the "inevitable conflict" on the seas. In the background lurk other possibilities—at the least a reckless quickening of the race of naval armaments, at the worst some dallying with conscription, to prepare the arm with which we could alone intervene effectively in a Continental struggle for the balance of power. These are the possibilities. But the plain man in Continental countries cannot be expected to know how impotent for revolution a small Protectionist majority would be, how little Lord Lansdowne has in him of the incendiary or the adventurer, how wide is the difference between Mr. Balfour on a platform, faced with an audience that cheers every muted echo of a Blatchford or a Beresford, and the same Mr. Balfour among "Souls" and Cecils in the decent calm of a council room.

The attitude of German opinion towards the elections needs no explanation. The Germans have seen the more responsible organs of the Conservative Party engaged, with hardly a break through some six years, in preaching a struggle for ascendancy between the first sea-Power and the first land-Power of Europe. The Moroccan complication, the Balkan turmoil, and the naval controversy, have each been used to familiarise the governing class with the idea, if not of an inevitable war, at least of a necessary antagonism, in which the victory would lie with the heavier armaments. They have seen the same attitude caricatured and exaggerated in every note of panic and hatred by the meaner organs of the party. The echoes of Mr. Balfour's disingenuous toying with the cry of a national danger reached them last week. They know that the "big revolver" of a tariff would be pointed first of all at Hamburg. They know that a party which takes its information as to German preparations from Mr. Mulliner and other witnesses interested in contracts would either involve them in a yet more accentuated rivalry, or present them with the menace of a wantonly expanded fleet. It is inevitable that German opinion should desire a Liberal victory at the polls. Perhaps the most significant comment on our recent nervousness is the remark of the "*Kreuz Zeitung*," that it hopes that the election may result in the return of a strong Government in order that our self-confidence may be restored. Under normal circumstances it is probable that the sympathies of the greater part of the German Press would have been with British Conservatism. In their fiscal theories, in their hatred of Socialism and their faith in force, our Tories are at one with the Prussian Agrarians and the National Liberals. But Imperialism is a creed which sunders its votaries. Socialism is an international link, and Liberalism was, and is, a European faith. But the Jingo of each nation commonly passes the harshest of all judgments on his fellows in neighboring lands. The exception, of course, is to be found, for obvious reasons, among the ruling classes in France and Russia. The "*Temps*" has expressed, with unusual decision, its desire for a Conservative victory, and the "*Novoe Vremya*" has echoed its tone. There is no reason here for surprise. For the "*Temps*" has repeatedly insisted that our alliance with France could be of only secondary value until we were pleased to adopt conscription. It naturally favors the militarist party. It doubtless remembers, moreover, that

the Liberal Press sought to exert a moderating influence in the Moroccan adventure, while the Conservative Press urged French diplomacy to extremes. To a Russian reactionary, on the other hand, the attack on the prerogatives of our Duma must seem a splendid precedent to be encouraged at all costs.

These interested calculations on the consequences of our election make matter for reflection. More significant because more disinterested are the comments that touch the real matter of the dispute. Everywhere the same financial difficulties confront the European Powers, and everywhere they are due to the same causes—the parallel pressure of the ruling classes to secure great armaments, and of the democracy to extort costly social reforms. It is no exaggeration to say that every thinking man of humane opinions throughout Europe is watching the fate of the Budget, certain that if it succeeds it is a model which his own leaders must imitate. British precedents are closely watched abroad, because the general faith in our sanity and prudence makes any appeal to our experiments an argument to which moderate opinion will bow. The Budget has everywhere that pioneer significance. If a country which hardly knows the theory of the "class war," and had in its last Chamber only a single representative of revolutionary Socialism, can still adopt the super-tax on great incomes, and apply the doctrine of ransom to the increments of unearned wealth, there can be no necessary connection between these innovations and the red flag. Everywhere else, even in France, Radicalism has halted in its constructive work. It seems in France impotent to carry even a contributory scheme of old age pensions and a mildly graduated income tax. Hesitating and apprehensive, it looks now with hope and now with anxiety to the bold initiative of British Liberalism. The comments of the French Radical Press on Mr. Lloyd George's work have, on the whole, betrayed a deep and friendly interest. But even more significant is the pains which M. Jaurès, on their left flank, has taken in a series of articles in "*l'Humanité*" to expound the whole scheme of the taxes and the pensions, the insurance projects, and the development grant. None of these ideas are absolutely new. Several of them may be paralleled from Germany. But Frenchmen do not readily assimilate German precedents. In their German dress these expedients are apt to seem only a variety of Prussian discipline. In their English version, on the other hand, they come recommended by a warm humanity and an unquenched faith in liberty. Not in France alone, but in Italy, in Sweden, and even in Spain, the fiscal and social aspects of the Budget have been eagerly and sympathetically debated. It is hardly too much to say that when the Budget has passed the test of this election, it will have become, not merely a starting-point in our own development, but a model for European finance. It will give courage to timid statesmen, and support to the ambitious; above all, it will furnish to the Left Wings of every progressive party a standard which they will apply to the halting work of the moderates. British Liberalism has regained in this Budget a leadership and a moral ascendancy in Europe, which it has not possessed since the greater days of Gladstone.

## Life and Letters.

### OUR "EDUCATED" CLASSES.

It is clear that a large proportion of the "educated" classes of England are supporting unrepresentative government and Protection. Our University seats stand, for the most part, uncontested, the Cathedral cities and the pleasant residential towns, which for generations have justly claimed to be the homes of literary culture, have, with rare exceptions, declared against the cause of popular liberty. Even in the great industrial centres, a West end, representing property and "trained intelligence," has set itself in antagonism to the common people. Five-sixths, or, in many cases, nine-tenths, of the "gentry," the rich men of commerce, and the professional classes, are ranged on the side of reaction. What does this signify? Does it mean that the intellect and the enlightened conscience of the country is organising against the growing menace of ignorant mob-rule to defend the cause of civilisation against the assaults of predatory demagogues and a Socialism which is "the end of all things"? Or does it mean, upon the other hand, that the professional and intellectual classes, always dependent for their support and their career upon the possessing classes, are rallying consciously or instinctively to the defence of their patrons and paymasters?

Both these crude interpretations can be ingeniously and plausibly defended. But, when the facts are more closely inspected, neither proves quite satisfactory. In the first place, it is untrue that the best intellects of the nation stand for authority and oligarchy. Take those men who are in the front rank of uncontested eminence in literature, the first twenty of our living writers and thinkers. Not four of them would be found siding with the lords against the people. Nor would the proportion of reactionaries be much greater among the men of science, the leaders of the learned professions (with the exception of the Church), while in those departments of intellectual activity which bear most nearly upon politics, law, history, and economics, the condemnation of those causes to which English Conservatism has now committed itself is overwhelming in its preponderance. We do not contend that the preponderance of high intellectuality is definitely "Radical" in its political proclivities. A certain timidity, bred of a lack of sympathy and understanding of the people, commonly prevails in intellectual castes and coteries, precluding our great intellectuals from exercising that powerful and direct influence over the popular mind and movement which is visible in such countries as Russia, France, and even America, not to mention those little countries whose higher rate of progress is primarily due to the larger and freer service rendered by the illumination of the few to the instruction and inspiration of the many. Such fruitful and inspiring leadership is not common here, and we have some reason to complain of the too persistent severance which persists, in what we call an age of popular education, between the advanced intellect of the country and the awakening populace. Perhaps the time is now coming when the free connections may be made by which the riper culture of our Universities and our little groups of philosophers and literary men may be transmitted to inform and stimulate the rude forces of intellectual curiosity which are stirring in our great industrial centres, receiving from them in return a wholesome flow of popular thought and feeling.

But this full sympathy between the intellectual leaders and the people lies rather in the future. In our analysis of present conditions we cannot go further than to claim that the best intellectual culture of the nation severs itself from the definitely reactionary policy to which the larger "educated" classes commit themselves. For our most instructive lessons we must look more closely to the state of mind prevailing among this larger class. A short-sighted community of direct material interests certainly goes some way to explain why, in an ordinary industrial or residential town, five out of six doctors, lawyers, accountants, or large shopkeepers side with local landowners and other men of property. Our

"educated" classes, in the accepted sense of the word, are our upper and our middle classes; they alone have had access to "higher education" hitherto. These upper classes are the large property owners, whose privileged and superfluous wealth is attacked, and who are defending themselves by a resuscitation of the obsolete "rights" of the Peers. The bulk of the middle classes, manufacturing, trading, professional, erroneously but quite intelligibly identify themselves with the upper classes. By the instinctive habitude, to which the term "snobishness" is given, they are always "looking up" to persons in a "better position"; this attitude of admiration, sometimes of aspiration, maintains a sympathy which disposes their minds to adopt readily any strong political suggestions from their "superiors." Even middleclass men with better intellectual equipment and capable of thinking for themselves are amazingly susceptible to these influences of rank, and our universities to-day retain plenty of instances of boot-licking almost as crude as those which Thackeray portrayed. But while this ineradicable snobishness is undoubtedly one mode of reactionary influence, it cannot sufficiently explain why the crudest scares and the most transparent fallacies should so completely dominate these "educated" men. Their property, their commercial and professional interests, are not really in jeopardy, they do not stand to gain in income, in position, or in any way, by backing up the wreckers of the Constitution and the tariff-makers. Most of them stand conspicuously to lose. Their present position as traders or professional men is one of increasing and precarious struggle amid growing hazards of unregulated competition and ever-increasing chances of failure. It might be expected that they would welcome a constructive social policy aiming to regularise industry, to develop national resources, to enlarge the incomes of the less capricious spenders, and especially, to afford increased security of employment to the medical, legal, and educational professions by enlarging the public side of their work.

Another explanation must be sought for this combination of shortsightedness with the lack of sympathy with popular power. We find it in the defects of our "higher education." The mass of lads who have passed through our great public schools and Universities or professional colleges have never had their intelligence and their sympathies stirred by any serious endeavor to teach the moving drama of history, to educate their passion for justice and liberty by the intelligent interpretation of the growth of those social institutions which surround and influence their lives. Such slight strains of history or of philosophy as they acquire are commonly sterilised by antiquity. The noblest and most nourishing of all food for English youth, that literature which is the greatest contribution of England to humanity, is deliberately and of set purpose excluded from their intellectual table, or, worse still, is served up in dressed dishes of academic philology. This wicked conspiracy against true education has been frequently denounced, but the vested intellectual interests which it serves have hitherto kept the founts of our national literature sealed against the minds of English youth.

But this is only the central charge in a far wider indictment against an educational system which has hitherto excluded from that training in "humane letters," that should be the birth-right of every member of a civilised nation, all adequate initiation into the study of history, economics, literature, and philosophy. Where these studies are followed at all, they are made subordinate and are mutilated by the avoidance of those live issues which can best serve to stimulate the curiosity and to stir the generous love of knowledge in our youth. With such an education, from which all that is most vital to the understanding of modern society is excluded, it is no wonder that the ordinary "educated" man, soon immersed in a profession or a life of ease, should fail to understand the play of living forces in our public life, that he should realise no intelligent responsibility, and should delegate his judgment to his party leader or his newspaper. A little veneer of literary and scientific culture, soft, superficial, decorative, involving no earnestness or fervor of

intellect, no arduous exercise of reason in the test of evidence or inference, no plain understanding of the continuity of history, such is the mental condition of the great majority of "educated" Englishmen to-day. It is perilous, for themselves and for the nation. For to these persons the growth of popular liberties in the exercise of self-government, broadening down through many centuries, all the eventful struggles, the great deeds and personalities that were evoked, the whole purpose and proper destiny of gathering democracy, appear to be entirely without meaning; it contains nothing that appeals to their hearts or understandings. They do not like something in a Budget, or their daily paper tells them they can tax the foreigner, and they are ready with no question or hesitancy to fling any log that lies to hand across the stream of their nation's history to dam its course. Surely it is time to do something for the education of the "educated" classes.

#### THE ELEMENT OF CALM.

ALL are aware that we have no abiding city here, but that, says the hymn-writer, is a truth which should not cost the saint a tear, and our politicians appear to lament it as little as the saints. Their eyes are dry; it does not distress their mind, it seems hardly to occur to them, unless, perhaps, they are defeated candidates. One might suppose from their manner that eternal truths depended on their efforts, and that the city they seek to build would abide for ever. Could all this toil and expenditure be lavished on a transitory show, all this eloquence upon the baseless fabric of a vision, all this hatred and malice upon things that wax old as doth a garment and like a vesture are rolled up? We should think from their preoccupied zeal that every politician was laying the foundation stone of an everlasting Jerusalem, did not reason and experience alike forbid the possibility.

May it not rather be that the politicians, like the saints, keep the tears of mortality out of their eyes by contemplating this passing dream under the aspect of eternal realities? This month the heavens at night are filled with constellations of peculiar beauty. May we not suppose that the politician, emerging from the Town Hall amid the cheers and excretions of the voice that represents the voice of God, lifts up his eyes unto the heavens, where prone Orion still grasps his sword and Auriga drives his chariot of fire, and the pole star hangs immovable, by which Ulysses set his helm? And as he gazes, he recognises with joy in his heart that the stars themselves, with all their recurrent comets and flaming meteors and immovable constellations, hardly cast a stain upon the white radiance of eternity, under which he has been striving and crying and perpetrating comparatively trifling deviations from exactitude.

It is a consolation which a large proportion, probably more than half, of mankind shares with our politicians. Like them, the greater part of mankind is aware that there is peace somewhere beyond these voices, that life with all its unsatisfied longings and its repetition of care is transitory as a summer cloud, and that the only way of escape from the pain and misery, the foulness and corruption, of this material universe is by the destruction of all desires, except the one engrossing desire for non-existence. That is why the majority of mankind has set itself to overcome the unholy urgings of ambition, the pleasure of selfish and revengeful purposes, and the deeply-implanted delight in cruelty and unkindness. Such conquest, as our politicians also know, is the essential part of the Fourfold Path by which the bliss of extinction may be attained. Let him cease to be ambitious, let him purge himself of selfish aims and revengeful or unkind thoughts, and a man may at last enter into Nirvana, a politician may be extinguished. Life follows life, and each life fulfills its Karma of destined expiation, working out the earthly stain of previous existences. "Quisque suos patimur manes." The sin that most easily besets us fixes the shape of our next incarnation, and, did not a politician strictly follow the guidance of the Fourfold Path, the first elec-

tion after his death might see him re-appear as a sheep, a cave-dweller, or a rat.

Never to have been born is best; never to be born again is the hope and motive of all good men among the greater part of mankind. It is not only the teaching of the most famous Buddha which has told them so. A Preacher more familiar to us has said the same, and our Western churches do but repeat an echo from the East. "I praised the dead who are already dead more than the living who are yet alive," he wrote; "yea, better is he than both they which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun." And there was a greater writer than the Preacher, who longed for death, but it came not, and dug for it more than for hid treasures. Had he but died before his birth, he cried, he would now have lain still and been quiet, he would have slept; then had he been at rest with kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves; there the prisoners rest together, they hear not the voice of the oppressor; wherefore is light given to him that is in misery? From age to age Job's question has been asked by far more than half the human race, and yet the human race continues, miserable and unhappy though it is.

But the widest expression of this common cry is found in Buddhism, and there is found also a doctrine of peace that seeks to answer it. From the turmoiled street and market-place, from the atomic vortex of public meetings, ballot stations, and motors decked with flags, let us turn to the "Psalms of the Sisters," those Buddhist nuns whose utterances Mrs. Rhys Davids has edited for the Pali Text Society (Frowde). In this inextricable error of existence—this charnel-house of corrupting bodies wherein the soul lies imprisoned too long—time and space do not seriously matter. But let us turn from Haggerston and Battersea and the Lancastrian triumphs of to-day, and visit the regions where the great mountains were standing and the holy Ganges flowed within two or three centuries before or after the birth of Christ. Somewhere about that time, somewhere about that place, these women, having, in most cases, fulfilled their various parts in life as wives, mothers, or courtesans, retired to the Homeless Life in mountains, forests, or the banks of streams where they might seek deliverance for their souls. With shaven heads, and clad in the deep saffron cloth such as the ascetic wanderer of India still wears, furnished only with a bowl for the unasked offerings of the pious and compassionate, they went their way, free from the cares and desires of this putrefying world. As one of them—a goldsmith's daughter, to whom the Master himself had taught the Norm of the Fourfold Path—as one of them explained to the tiresome relations who tried to call her back:—

"Why herewithal, my kinsmen—nay, my foes—  
Why yoke me in your minds with sense desires?  
Know me as her who fled the life of sense,  
Shorn of her hair, wrapt in her yellow robe.  
The food from hand to mouth, glean'd here and there,  
The patchwork robe—these things are meet for me,  
The base and groundwork of the homeless life."

Some sought escape from the depression of luxury, some from the wretchedness of the poor, some from the abominations of the wanton, some from the boredom of tending an indifferent husband. One of them thus utters her complaint with frank simplicity:—

"Rising betimes, I went about the house,  
Then with my hands and feet well cleansed I went  
To bring respectful greeting to my lord,  
And taking comb and mirror, unguents, soap,  
I dressed and groomed him as a handmaid might.  
I boiled the rice, I washed the pots and pans;  
And as a mother on her only child,  
So did I minister to my good man.  
For me, who with toil infinite then worked,  
And rendered service with a humble mind,  
Rose early, ever diligent and good,  
For me he nothing felt, save sore dislike."

Others sought freedom of intellect, others the free development of personality; but, in the end, it was deliverance from earthly desires that all were seeking, for it is only through such deliverance that the final blessedness of total extinction can be reached. Then, as they

cry, they cease to wander in the jungles of the senses, re-birth comes no more, and the peace of Nirvana is won. A poor Brahmin's daughter who had been married to a cripple, thus exults in a multiplied redemption:—

"O free, indeed! O gloriously free  
Am I in freedom from three crooked things:—  
From quern, from mortar, from my crookback'd lord!  
Ay, but I'm free from rebirth and from death,  
And all that dragged me back is hurled away."

But more truly characteristic of the spiritual mind is the joyful advice of one who, having perfected herself in meditation, could thus commune with her soul:—

"Hast thou not seen sorrow and ill in all  
The springs of life? Come thou not back to birth!  
Cast out the passionate desire again to Be.  
So shalt thou go thy ways calm and serene."

Thus only by the recognition of the sorrow of the world, by the conquest of all desires, and by the exercise of kindness to all that breathe this life of misery, is that Path to be trodden of which the fourth stage enters Nirvana's peace. Thus only can we escape from this repulsive carcass—"this bag of skin with carrion filled," as one of the Sisters calls it—and so be merged into the element of calm, just as the space inside a bowl is merged into the element of space when at last the bowl is broken and will never need scrubbing more.

It is thought that Gautama, the great Buddha, whose effigy in the calm of contemplation is the noblest work of Indian art, fondly believed that all mankind would seek deliverance along the path he pointed out, and that so, within a few generations, the human race, together, perhaps, with every living thing that breathes beneath the law of Karma, would pass from sorrow into nothingness. Mankind has not fulfilled his expectation. The task of expiation is not yet completed, and, in the midst of anguish, corruption, and the flux of all material things, the human race goes swarming on. We suppose it is about as numerous as ever, and, though something like half of it accepts the teaching of the Buddha as divine, they seem in no more hurry to fulfill its precepts than are the followers of other Founders. We cannot say that mankind has gone very far along the Fourfold Path, for there are still many of us who would rather be a mouse than nothing; yet it remains an accepted truth of the Buddhistic doctrine, that above this fleeting and variegated world there abides the element of calm. As the final Chorus Mysticus of "Faust" proclaims: "All things transitory are but a symbol," and if any politician during the late storm of worldly desires has for a moment lost sight of truth's eternal stars that guide his way, let him now turn to the "Psalms of the Sisters." Even if he has been successful, he will there find peace, discovering in Nirvana the quiet Chiltern Hundreds of the soul.

#### LIFE IN OLD CRETE.

THERE were kings before Agamemnon; there were sacked cities before Troy. Not once but twice did barbarians from the North overturn the civilisation of Greece, and the glories which we used to reckon as the first flowering of a European culture were themselves in some sort a renaissance. Our texts are all palimpsests; under every "old master," when once the archaeologist begins to scrape it, there lies hidden an earlier triumph. That is the lesson of Dr. Evans's discoveries in Crete. He has enlarged the dials of our clocks, flung back our reckonings of time, and taught us, where we had counted in years and centuries, to measure also in æons. The ancients invented the water clock. He has given us instead an earth clock. Reckon that in so many centuries a given number of feet of earth settle with their intelligible refuse upon the monuments of forgotten glories, and you may make of the sediment which covers Knossos and Gortyna a measure of the tides that have submerged the ages of stone and bronze, to yield at last to our spades of steel. It would be miracle enough if it were, like the diggings in Mexico and Central Asia, the uncovering of a cradle in which alien cultures were reared. But the real romance of these excavations in

Crete is that they reveal the forgotten foundations of Greece. Whatever breaks of conquest there may have been, whatever superpositions of one race upon another, this, at least, is clear—that Hellenic civilisation evolved from these beginnings in a line jagged and meandering, but never wholly broken. Euripides, in the "Trojan Women," guessed, with the sympathy of divination, at the process. Professor Gilbert Murray in his "Andromache" has reconstructed one of its typical tragedies even more completely.

Enough has been done in ten years of archaeological and anthropometric work to piece together the records of this buried civilisation. In "Crete the Forerunner of Greece" (Harpers) Mr. and Mrs. Hawes, who themselves did pioneer work among the diggers, have put together an admirable summary of the results. The evidence of skull measurements and of paintings goes to show that the Cretans of this Bronze Age, whose remains stretch in an unbroken line from about B.C. 2800 to B.C. 1200, belonged to the original Mediterranean race. They were short, long-headed, and dark, and their features seem distinctly European when compared with contemporary Egyptian portraits—a difference which the Egyptian artists themselves emphasised when they sketched "a prince of the isles in the midst of the Great Green Sea." They were clearly a mercantile and seafaring people, who exchanged wares and ideas with Lycians, Hittites, and Egyptians. War can have played no great part in their lives, for their cities were not walled. But in their later period, from which the Hellenic tradition of Minos dates, they controlled a sea-empire over the Aegean, repressed piracy, and doubtless held settlements on the Greek mainland. Their culture, despite its debt to Egypt and Asia, was not simply imitative. It advanced through stages whose development makes a continuous series which can be understood without invoking foreign influences. Their art, indeed, in its best periods is markedly superior to anything which Asia Minor or Egypt produced. It has at times a delicate power of suggestion and impressionism which seems almost Japanese. It loved, above all things, to depict motion. It had a dramatic instinct which seized the meaning of a boxing match or a hunting scene. It delighted, as Greek art alone did in the old world, in the faithful rendering of the naked human body. There is nothing before classical times to compare with the two ivory statuettes of leaping youths from Knossos. In low relief it faced problems of perspective as intricate as anything on the Parthenon friezes. It went for its ornament to native flowers, and the long stages from naturalism and realism to the free treatment of conventionalised designs can be traced century by century. It is possible to form a guess at the social structure of these ancient towns. Their princes were wealthy and powerful, but they cannot have been Asiatic despots removed from their subjects by terror and superstition. Wealthy and comfortable houses of traders and craftsmen crowded round the palace. The scenes of pageants and games suggest an easy and almost democratic world. Its basis was probably matriarchal, and the women were not only free but prominent. The ladies of the Court of Knossos sit before us on the frescoes, with their elaborate coiffures, their puffed sleeves in yellow, their low-cut corsages in blue, and their ample skirts. Their gestures betray an animated conversation, as they incline slightly, one to another. It might be Portia running over the list of her suitors with some sprightly Nerissa. The fashionable, the royal sport was obviously bull-baiting. The Minotaur of legend was simply a bull of a large and shapely breed, who plunged and capered in some prehistoric arena of the labyrinthine city for the pleasure of the Minoan Court. The youths and maidens whom Athens sent as her tribute to the thalassocrat of Crete, were destined to be trained as toreadors and acrobats. They seem incredibly modern, as the old Cretan artist has painted them, with their light clothing, their pinched waists, their spurious grace of the footlights, and the pretty confusion of their long, black tresses, as they whirl in the air above the angry bull.

One can read the epic of Troy from the Trojan side as one glances at these records. For Troy must have

lived a similar life to that of these Cretan cities. Vases of Cretan origin have been found at Hissarlik, which suggest that commerce and a community of civilisation united them. The Achaean chieftains who fell upon Crete as they had fallen on Troy must have burst upon this ancient civilisation as the Crusaders or the Catalan Company burst upon Byzantine culture. The victory of the Aryan invaders over Pelasgians, Cretans, and Trojans must have been everywhere the triumph of a rude and predatory stock over a settled, sedentary, and, it may be, an over-ripe civilisation. They were raiders and pirates, these Homeric heroes, but their tribal system gave them a strong polity, and they brought with them the Aryan myths and the Aryan tongue, which were to be the basis of a new civilisation. One can imagine the wonder with which the sea-wolves saw the marvels of Cretan craftsmanship. The legends about the miraculous machines of Daedalus perpetuate their astonishment. The metal-workers of the island were for them, as for all primitive peoples, dwarfs, or fairies of more than human origin—the “dactyls” of Ida. They carried off as much as they could of golden ornaments and wrought swords, and this Cretan work is now dug up at Mycenae. It is probable also that they carried away, doubtless as slaves, craftsmen, artificers, and architects to adorn their palaces for them. One can imagine what was the life of the captive women and artists of the more cultivated race. The Achaeans absorbed something of the conquered civilisation. But they must have impoverished and disturbed it before they could assimilate it. Cretan art shows in its later period a marked decadence, a loss of originality and confidence, a decline in which only the conventions survived. Amid the sacking and burning of cities and the overthrow of ancient dynasties, while the dark, short people of the island coasts crept up to the mountain caves for refuge, a civilisation must have been destroyed. Some of its ruder crafts survived. But the spirit of these luxurious courts, the gay, idle life of its theatres and palaces, must have been overwhelmed as completely as the later barbarians overwhelmed the Roman world, and much more suddenly. Some blending of the two cults there was. The Aryan invaders adopted the Cretan goddesses. Zeus was born anew on the Cretan mountains and forcibly married to Hera, who seems, like Artemis and Demeter, to represent some aspect of the Minoan Earth-Goddess, who was the protectress of the wild things of the wood and the patroness of “every feathered mother’s callow brood.” But if this polite people had any life of speculation and thought, if that mysterious dumb script on the clay tablets of Gnosos was ever used for poem or revelation, if there were minstrels and prophets as well as “dactyls” and artists, their thoughts perished with their language in the sack of these cultured cities.

It is a very mundane, a very positive revelation, that Dr. Evans has raised up from the dead. There is no hint in the brisk externality of this ancient world of anything that is spiritual. Those massive jars of clay were only prehistoric safes. Those tablets were only the inventories of treasure houses and the ledgers of merchants who fetched from Tyre the blue of Astarte’s eyes and from Marseilles the tin of distant Cornwall. In those cool stone chambers idle courtiers lay abed in the sultry hours of the Cretan dawn, until the cold breeze from the Northern Sea blew in at the windows four hours before noon. They rose to muster their chariots, to stamp their seals, to essay the machines of Daedalus, to ogle the latest arrivals from Athens, and to bet on their prowess in the bull-ring. So much we know. The coins and the implements, the arms and the palaces, the sports and the crafts—these things survive. But the dreams, the doubts, the aspirations of this ancient world have perished utterly. We have the coffins of their dead. We know nothing of its visions of an after-life. Its admirable system of sanitation has defied the ravages of time. But if it had its hermits and its ascetics, no stone remains of their lonely cells. If there was some Cretan Harmodius who wreathed “in myrtle boughs” his tyrannicide sword, the song that tells of his deed is hushed. If there were preachers, their protest

is forgotten; if there were rebels, their flags have mouldered into dust. Poets and prophets, preachers and leaders, their very memory is gone. The men who worked in bronze and stone will live for ever. They sang, we may be sure, while their mysterious language survived, and dreamed that they were raising monuments “more lasting than brass.” And yet it is the brass which lives.

#### NATURE THE RADICAL.

It is a truism that Nature has no countenance for the doctrine of primogeniture and little or none for the claims of heredity over nurture and environment. The appropriateness of the analogy to human society is generally acknowledged now by impartial inquirers. If the aristocracy maintains its own as an hereditary institution, it is more by reason of the extra nourishment and education that its sons are able to obtain than by force of its specialised blood. That blood, indeed, must be constantly renewed by admixture with a more strenuous strain, and in spite of every advantage, is frequently ousted by men who have lain in the hardest of cradles and been schooled under the most drab conditions. Now that an enlightened civilisation has extended the opportunities of advancement, there is a thin, but constant, spring from the Council schools piercing all the superincumbent strata and spouting out far above the average brilliance of Eton and Harrow.

So much for an aristocracy. In the lower ranks of creation there is no room for it. It has only been preserved in human society by means of the strictest of artificial barriers, which have never been proof against the insurrection of the conventionally degraded. Yet, compared with the unpardonable blunder of primogeniture, the doctrine of a permanent aristocracy is a monument of wisdom. From a physical point of view, and that mainly includes the mental, the first-born is not merely not the best but the least efficient unit of the family. No stock breeder expects the first foal of any mare or the first calf of any heifer, at whatever age she may be bred from, to become a show beast or the founder of a new strain. (Yet, be it noted, among cattle-breeders great and small are to be found the slowest disparagers of the human error of primogeniture.) Nature, aided by another human convention, commonly saves us from the full effect of the error by giving as the first child a girl who, for the purposes of primogeniture, counts as no child at all. In other cases the first son dies early or the whole family fails and the line is transferred to a younger collateral branch. Lastly, the constant suggestion that the first-born must be the prince of the flock produces in man the effect. For this the more unimaginative mind of the animals is not prepared. It is safe to say that if the same hypnotism could be transferred to the second or the third son, secundogeniture or tertigeniture would rest on a firmer basis than does primogeniture to-day.

Primogeniture is, of course, not an aid to civilisation, but an embellishment upon it. If the race goes forward, it is not because of but in spite of this and a hundred other quaint amusements in which an overfed society can indulge. The nations that strive one with another have to shed this and other impediments and cultivate Spartan virtues. The social virtues are at their height with the bees, and it was an age very much blinded by human predilections that insisted on seeing in the bees’ communities signs of aristocratic privilege, monarchical rule, or even democratic order as we understand it. The little ring of bees round the “queen,” which Maeterlinck called maids of honor, are, in reality, as any observer must testify, task masters urging her on to lay the greatest requisite number of eggs, and the sum of their attention to her is to feed her adequately for her task, and in other ways keep her efficient for the performance of her particular part in the hive. In winter, when no eggs are required, the “queen” is not bothered by attendants, and makes her way or keeps her place in the silent, idle hive just as unregarded as any worker bee.

But what in particular is there that we can learn

from the ways of the bee? It is that the wealth of the community is the wealth of every citizen; that the danger of the hive is the affair of every inhabitant; that an attack on the city will be promptly avenged, at the cost of her life, by the first soldier that discovers rightly or wrongly the thing to be stung. As far as we have been able to discover, there is only one life entitled to regard itself as more precious than any other. The "singing mason," the "busy porter," the "rich merchant," the "sad-eyed justice" are, in so far as they exist at all, equally bound to take up the sword and, as a necessary and abrupt consequence, perish by the sword. Or, if there is one class of them all that belongs to the reserves, it is that of the nurses, busy, in the shock of the most disturbing catastrophes, tending the children. If there is any order of bee with anything like a privilege, it is the children. As long as there is store of honey and pollen in the hive it is fed to the children. The intention is perfectly clear that, whatever may be the deserts of the present generation, the rising generation shall not start life hampered with an avoidable handicap. This precept of justice and expediency has a curious corollary. When it becomes evident that supplies from outside are suffering a check, not only is the laying of eggs stopped, but such grubs in the cell that, as it seems, cannot be brought up properly, are taken out and destroyed. "Better no children at all than starved and crippled ones" would not be a bad ideal policy for a human society that meant to get on, though we could scarcely expect human nature to run it with the inexorable logic of the bee.

There is one ant that seems to supply the missing link between private and state capitalism; between the taxation and the owning of the millionaire. It is that not too well-known ant of Mexico that in time of prosperity feeds up almost to the bursting-point of their abundantly elastic skins certain chosen members of the community. When these are distended to nine or ten times the usual ant proportions, they hang themselves up by the hooks on their legs and await the time when they may be of further service to the community. When other supplies run short, the "millionaires" are tapped, no doubt to their own relief as well as that of the nurses who want honey for the rising generation. We cannot doubt that the honey-pot ants ask and get the sympathy of the others on account of the burdens of wealth. They possibly get some sort of favored treatment by reminding their compatriots that the lot of the capitalist is an important one. If they spoke of capital flying away, their warning would be received with showers of derision. It would be as difficult for a mine-owner to carry his mountains across the sea as for one of these to take its huge abdomen to another ant-hill.

It is almost or quite impossible to put to Nature the question of Free Trade or Protection. There is no Protection in Nature. It may be true that the intestinal worm perishes on contact with the open air. But so will a creature of the tropics perish as soon as you submit it suddenly to arctic conditions. A flannel jacket might see it through a winter, but it must only be used as a temporary expedient. Left reasonably to the climate, the emigrant from warmer parts grows for itself and its descendants a special winter pelt. The rule of Nature is to accept seeming evils as they come and to turn afflictions into blessings. We desire no better illustration of this than the whole of what we call the nobler part of vegetable creation. When the ancestors of our innumerable flowers were propagated by means of promiscuous spores (as the testimony of the rocks teaches us they were) the visits of marauding insects must have seemed sheer disaster. The first instinct would be all for protection, and to this day such organisms as the common horsetail have struggled on in defiance of the insects. Few flies trouble about the horsetail, either because the plant has made its spores distasteful or because the pollen of the flowers is a much improved product. A spore carried accidentally by the first winged trader, crossed with new blood and raised sturdier progeny. The exchange method increased in certainty with the slow centuries. Some sporangia became petals—

placards to advertise the presence of honey, a new invention to attract the best insects. They still came as marauders, wicked foreigners, but they were more and more harnessed to the uses of the plant. They made the flowering plants from semi-fungi; the plants made of them bees, butterflies, and the others that we usually consider the nobler part of insect creation. If the plants had done this of their own conscious set purpose we should have been able to argue for ever as to whether they or we might be the wiser. But seeing that it has been done for them by inevitable chain of consequence, to argue about it is like arguing against the law of gravity. Muscles, faculties, intelligence, are only strengthened and developed by stress of competition. You cannot make an athlete swift by shutting him up in a box, or increase the records of Henley by barring out the Belgians. Protection may be said to have given us the porcupine, the hedgehog, and the armadillo. Even the rabbit is worth them all, and among rabbits the continent-dweller is much the superior of that which has been immured for a long time on an island. The Shetland pony is a pretty little creature, an aristocrat in some respects among horses, but still a pigmy. It is just an island dwarf that has been protected from the stream of horse evolution and has retained the dimensions if not the form of the long extinct hippo.

## Letters from the Empire.

### WHAT CANADA IS THINKING.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Imperialism killed by the so-called Imperialist Party seems a strange paradox, but such may well be the effect in one section of the Empire, if the House of Lords are sustained by the electorate in their recent usurpation of unconstitutional power. In the Dominion of Canada there exists to-day a large element of sane, moderate men, who, while they dislike and disavow the Imperialism of Birmingham and the "Morning Post," are not totally content with the existing relations between their country and the Motherland. They would fain see some rational scheme of closer union and co-operation between Britain and the Dominion, partly to secure some more equitable adjustment of the burdens of Imperial defence, and partly to compass a great mutual benefit through a better system of organised emigration which would simultaneously relieve the congestion of an excessive industrialism at home and assist in the development of the vast unpeopled spaces in the West.

But the action of the House of Lords has dealt a severe blow to these aspirations, and has probably set back for an indefinite period the Imperial movement in Canada where it has always numerous active opponents. Amid a multitude of exaggeration there is a certain leaven of truth in the stories of the Englishman's unpopularity in Canada, an unfortunate state of affairs for which various causes, irrelevant to the point at issue, are responsible. But the cold fact remains that in many quarters of the Dominion the English element is neither prominent nor popular. Apart from French Quebec, the dominating strains in Canada are the Scottish and Irish, two stocks which seem to retain their national characteristics and prejudices for a much longer period than the English families. Latterly, too, since the extraordinary development of the Western Provinces has begun, the American element is both numerous and powerful. Hitherto the Scottish and the Irish have set the political tone of the country, such as it is, and their political sentiments are strongly in sympathy with the electors of the lands of their forefathers, whom they know to be bitterly opposed to the unconstitutional action of the Lords. They are well aware that the vast majority of the people of Scotland and Ireland are determined to end once and for all these attempts at oligarchic domination, and, while etiquette forbids the political leaders to speak, the sympathies of the Canadian demo-

cracy are strongly with the Liberal cause. Again, the Tory Press is never tired of uttering solemn warnings about the Americanisation of Canada and of the necessity for educating the American immigrant to be a good Imperialist. But there is little in common between the House of Lords and the American pioneer farmer, who is an unbending democrat, and the doctrines of Lord Curzon about hereditary capacity and virtue would scarcely appeal to him. Needless to say, the American papers, which the American emigrant to Canada still reads, have lost no opportunity of taunting him with the fact that his destinies are really controlled by a few English aristocrats in London, and he has ceased to be a free citizen.

Here, then, is a country where there is a certain prejudice against Englishmen, where there is a strong leaven of fierce American democracy, where the majority of the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants are imbued with a bitter dislike of the social inequalities and feudalism which they themselves or their ancestors emigrated to escape, and where there is no reverence for, nor even understanding of, the hereditary principle, or of any aristocracy save that of brains and enterprise; yet when a clique of English aristocrats (the Scottish and Irish nobility have for the last century been an element apart from the national life of their countries) take a step which most competent authorities agree is unconstitutional, and reject a great scheme of democratic finance to save their sacred land system, the subservient Tory Press call that country to testify in favor of the Lords and their partisans that they are the sole saviours of Empire, and that the oversea States pine for their return to power.

The assumption is a transparent absurdity, and no amount of money spent by a few Toronto Protectionists in cables to English Protectionists who may, perhaps, come under the class described in the West as "Imperial Drummers," will suffice to veil the true opinion and sympathies of the Canadian people on the merits of this crisis. If the British people are supine and stupid enough to stem the course of progress in order to save a feudal system which is the laughing-stock of the Anglo-Saxon world, and to restore in a spirit of temporary snobbery a few arrogant aristocrats, some of proven incapacity, to power, Canadians will wonder, sympathise, and mayhap despise, but they will also silently and firmly resolve to draw no closer for the time being to a country which could be guilty of such folly and short-sightedness. They certainly do not intend to commit their destinies to the control of an irresponsible oligarchy, and a Tory victory means that the "de facto" control of the Empire vests in the hereditary House. Let those of the British people who cherish dreams of Imperial Federation realise once and for all that until the power of the House of Lords is curtailed, and Britain ceases to be merely a nominal democracy, the consummation of their dreams must be very, very distant. A victory for the Lords would give great impetus in Canada to the Laurier doctrine of "the ripe apple dropping off the tree," and might in time lead to an impasse which no British-born Canadian would desire to see.

On the question of Protection, Canada is perennially paraded as an example of its saving graces. Yet it is the naked truth to say that the existing Canadian Protectionist system will not for one moment bear examination by sane citizens or disinterested students. If it has contributed to the industrial progress of a few eastern cities where the evils of British industrialism are being faithfully reproduced, it has placed outrageous burdens upon the vast agricultural and lumbering population which constitutes eighty per cent. of the community. Only the recent phenomenal prosperity due to the development of the vast natural resources of the West has enabled the country to endure the load of the tariff, and as soon as the inhabitants of the Dominion either are forced or have time to take stock of their true position, the present tariff will receive some rude shocks. From a variety of circumstances, Free Trade has to-day no place on political platforms at Ottawa, but a movement in its favor is growing in volume day by day. The farmers are organising in every province, and their Associations now pass annual resolutions denouncing the

tariff. For the time being the manufacturers have secured control of both political parties by skilful contributions to election funds, and the day of reckoning must be deferred till the Western Provinces, which have everything to lose by Protection and everything to gain by Free Trade, obtain a sufficient population and political representation, both inevitable sequences to the present tide of immigration, to enable them to control some Government at Ottawa.

A Free Trade movement in the West, which is now imminent, might lead to Imperial Free Trade, but the present Protectionist propaganda in England will only serve to delay that end. To-day the chief supporters in Canada of the Tariff Reformers at home are the extreme Ontario Protectionists, but a Tariff Reform Chancellor would find these same people the worst opponents of any scheme of Imperial Preference tending to lower the Canadian tariff, which he might propound. Their hypocrisy would best be exposed by the formulation of such a scheme, but, until they are actually confronted with it, they see in the possible success of Tariff Reform, *alias* Protection, in the great Free Trade stronghold an excellent pretext to press demands for more Protection in Canada.

To a large majority of the people of Canada the doctrine and sentiments of the Imperial Protectionist Party which owns Mr. Balfour as its titular leader are offensive and repugnant. Canada is to-day a cosmopolitan nation, and many of its inhabitants have other national sympathies than those relating to the British Empire, however great their loyalty to it as an institution may be.

Modern Tory Imperialism implies hostility and antagonism to a variety of other nations as well as an insular selfishness and arrogance which is alike unworthy of our traditions and dangerous to our safety. It stands for militarism, commercial strife, and an impossible system of centralisation, whereby Lords Milner and Curzon would shape our destinies at the end of cables in their London offices, and consolidate the Empire by long and bloody wars with Germany or tariff strife with the United States. Such ideals and schemes will never find favor in Canada where the Liberalism of Sir Wilfrid Laurier extends both gratitude and sympathy to the Liberalism of Mr. Asquith, and British Toryism is regarded with a suspicion begotten of past relations, and it is a safe prophecy to make that when any scheme of Imperial Federation is brought to pass, a Liberal Government will be in office at Westminster. Let all who profess to set Imperialism above all other things in their politics weigh these aspects with care and consideration.—Yours, &c., SCOTUS.

## Communications.

### THE LAW OF ELECTORAL CORRUPTION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Little likely is it that the General Election will fail to bring its crop of petition cases, when we may expect some dissatisfaction with verdicts which deal too easily with flagrant guilt and the usual promise of the Law Officers that the whole question of illegal practices at elections shall be re-considered.

Now, whatever may be said as to judicial eccentricities, it is a fact that little or no fault can be found with the Acts affecting corrupt and illegal practices at Parliamentary and municipal elections. Although lengthy, they are signally free from obscurity or verbosity. Their length is due solely to the painstaking and exhaustive exploration of every path and bye-way to and from the polling booth in order to discover and penalise any action which erring men might perchance take to influence wrongfully the result of elections.

Each Act gives the most careful and concise definitions as to every word used which might be open to doubt. Once granted agreement as to the facts of a case, and there is no room for difference as to the intentions and scope of the Statutes. Taken together, they are models of what Acts of Parliament should be, beautiful in their lucidity and concision, literally formidable in their precision, and, remembering that their object is to prevent wealth and social

power from over-riding all else, they may fairly be claimed as the most democratic measures existing.

So far, then, as the law can provide, his Majesty's Petition Judges have a finely meshed net which can be cast so far and wide that no conceivable form of overt corruption shall escape condemnation. Nor can the wrong-doer imagine that the more subtle and remote practices will escape if intention be once proved. **THE PROMISE OF EMPLOYMENT, OF THE EXERCISE OF INFLUENTIAL PATRONAGE, OF THE GRANTING OF A LEASE, OR CONTRACT, OR SUCH-LIKE FAVOR, MAY ALL BE LEGAL BRIBERY**, even though there should have been no intention of keeping the promise. The guilt extends to the bribed, to the briber, and to anyone who stands at the back of the briber. To promise a labor leader a snug billet on condition that he influences the votes of his union members; to pay a householder's rates in order to qualify him as a voter; to withdraw a summons on promise of a vote; any of these may land all the parties concerned into the net. Any such practices and any form of treating may be pursued by the Public Prosecutor, the penalties running up to £200 in fines, or one year's imprisonment with hard labor, with deprivation of vote and ineligibility for any public or judicial office in the borough or county for the succeeding five years.

A candidate may even be rendered for ever incapable of election in that constituency.

One corrupt practice, namely, personation, is a felony and may bring two years' hard labor to the personator or anyone guilty of aiding and abetting.

"Undue influence" covers not only threats or the use of force to compel or restrain, or even only impede, a voter, but ANY FORM OF CRAFT OR OF APPEAL TO MATERIAL INTERESTS. "Spiritual intimidation" is a corrupt practice, although obviously difficult to prove.

It is equally corrupt to bribe a candidate to withdraw, whatever form the "bribe" may take, or to bribe a third party to compel him to withdraw, or to spread a false report of his withdrawal, or to make assertions against his character. Actions brought under the last-named head, however, seldom succeed.

The minor forms of corruption are well-known, consisting mainly of payments for prohibited objects such as flags, torches, bands, badges, or for vehicles or horses or other conveyances for voters, or for displaying bills except by professional bill-posters. The fact that a vehicle accustomed to ply for hire must not even be "lent" is but one of many instances of the law stepping in to prevent its own defeat. "I only lent my cab. No one paid me," pleads the proprietor. "Guilty, none the less," says the law. "You are required to be not only beyond proof but above suspicion."

To destroy the best-laid schemes of secret corruption, the law provides that an indemnity against criminal prosecution may be claimed by voluntary witnesses whose evidence has been well and truly given. The chance of saving their skins is too tempting to be resisted by some at least of the culprits, and others soon follow suit.

Even supposing a conspiracy too cleverly concealed to yield evidence of the chains of connection between the corrupted voter and those whose interests are thus served, the judges may, upon evidence of any general state of corruption, void a seat even though no single one of the acts can be brought home to either of the candidates. They may even, of course, disfranchise an entire constituency.

On the whole the Acts by which Petition cases were transferred to judges have worked well, although the transference originally was strongly opposed by the Bench. The principal flaw is that the petitioner has no appeal, although an unseated Member may appeal by leave of the Petition Judges. The Court of Appeal's decision in that case is final, since the conventional "jealousy" of the Commons will not allow Peers to decide upon an election case, nor are Law Lords allowed to sit on such cases in the Court of Appeal. In actual fact the peer, as a peer, is less likely to be prejudiced than the party man who has been elevated to the Bench rather for political services than judicial qualities. The judges whom one would be most sorry to see sitting upon a Petition case are not among the Law Lords, nor are likely to be.

Election agents and workers on the democratic side are often annoyed by the multiplicity of things which must be

or may not be done, and even evade the provisions of the Acts on points which seem non-essential. They do not realise that the excessive stringency and comprehensiveness of the law is one of democracy's greatest safeguards, and democrats therefore should be the readiest to give loyal and scrupulous acquiescence. The slightest of the prohibitions may be the one point at which the wrong-doer is caught, and thus serve as a starting-point from which to discover a whole conspiracy to debauch a constituency.

With a more conscientious regard for the Acts on the part at any rate of the popular parties, a stricter interpretation on the part of the judges may be induced.—Yours, &c.,

S. D. S.

January 18th, 1910.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE LAW OF THE SURPLUS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I notice it has recently been stated in letters from your correspondents that I had made the statement that "owing to their great home market American manufacturers could and did send steel abroad at lower than cost prices."

This is a mistake. What I have often stated is that a great home market enables manufacturers to reach markets abroad and sell at lower than the home sales net and yet be gainers, i.e., it is more profitable to run their mills full and get a lower price for what may be called the "surplus" exported abroad, than it is to limit production. This idea is now known as "the law of the surplus."—Yours, &c.,

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

2, East 91st Street, New York,

January 7th, 1910.

### THE CHARACTER OF THE INDIAN POLICE.

SIR,—In your editorial on the Indian Police, for which well-wishers of India will feel grateful, you indicate the unhappy—indeed, tragic—position of the well-meaning Anglo-Indian official, "the impartial and honest Englishman," who is responsible for the welfare of a vast dominion, but who is a mere cat's paw in the hands of evil-doers, because he depends for information and advice upon a "dishonest and tyrannical" police. How is he to free himself from this ignoble servitude, and become master of the situation? There is only one way: he must get into real touch with the people; and find for himself non-official advisers from among the independent men of good character, who are trusted by the local community. This sounds simple. But it is not as easy as it might appear. For the European officer must not expect such independent and self-respecting men to come to him uninvited; their motives might be misunderstood, and they would be liable to affront from underlings. No; this is not a thing that settles itself automatically. On the contrary, considerable trouble must be taken, and no little circumspection must be exercised, in order to discover the right men, and to win their confidence. Will you allow me, from personal experience, to explain how desirable local advisers can best be discovered and secured?

No sensible person would expect help in this quest from a corrupt police. Their interest is adverse; for the independent man is a standing menace to their supremacy, and to their illicit gains. They want him deposed; especially if he is educated, and of a blameless life. Fortunately, effectual help can be obtained elsewhere. For in the great town centres are to be found educated Indian gentlemen of recognised position—Judges of the High Court, members of Council, knights of the Star of India—who are trusted alike by the Government and by the community. With their assistance the right local men can be found. Thus, in my early days in Bombay, it was my privilege to have as friends men like Mr. Justice Ranade, Rao Saheb Narayan Wishwanath Mandlik, and Sir Mungaldas Nathubhai; and with such friends in Council I was able, when proceeding to a new district, to obtain a trustworthy list of desirable local acquaintances; not necessarily persons of wealth or great influence, but quiet, self-respecting men, averse from intrigue. In this list would perhaps be comprised

a pensioned Judge or deputy-collector, a learned Shastoi or Mauloi, a retired schoolmaster, charitable merchants or bankers, one or two old-fashioned Patels, and even simple cultivators. Starting with these introductions, and continuing the original method in a lower stratum, it was easy, when on tour in the district, to extend, among the villagers, my circle of desirable acquaintances; until I found myself in touch with representatives of every class and creed, who kept me posted in current affairs, and gave me timely warning of any rocks ahead.

Pending the establishment of District Councils, as recommended to the Decentralisation Commission, it is open to every well-meaning official to follow this plan. He may thus win the confidence of the people, and convince them that he is not in the hands of police spies and sycophants, who desire to keep him isolated, and in antagonism to the popular sentiment.—Yours, &c., W. WEDDERBURN.

Hyères, France,  
January 16th, 1910.

#### THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CONVERSION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—One is tempted to answer a phrase in Mr. Caldecott's letter, in your last week's issue, by the time-worn question: "What is truth?" Surely "false beliefs" and "true ones" are but relative terms at the best. What is truth to Mr. Caldecott may not be truth to me, and certainly is not truth to the Hindoo, who yet receives acts of grace after his kind. Neither is religion of any sort whatsoever, nor faith of any description, necessary to conversion from alcoholism, or from any other of the many vices into which humanity may fall. Conversions of the highest order may be brought about through no other appeal than to the mind or sub-conscious self on purely rational grounds, and that these cures, effected through no religious medium, "can settle down into permanent sanity," is both probable and proved.

No suggestions are "baseless," but that their basis must necessarily be found in religious truths or divine promises is an assertion which science stands to disprove. One of the greatest of all conversions, which is to secure a sane mind in a sound body, can be achieved and maintained by suggestion apart from all appeal to the "Divine order of the world," or "the preaching of a Divine promise of forgiveness and spiritual help" in the ordinary acceptance of these terms.—Yours, &c., ADELA CONSTANCE SMITH.

January 20th, 1910.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The view one may take of "conversion," apparently turns on "there may be a miracle, but we must not expect one," for those who do not accept, more or less, Mr. Sidney Low's attitude, except the miracle, and consequently are not interested to inquire further, the supernatural proving a most effectual barrier to continued research.

Mr. Sidney Low is for further research, and there are two aspects of conversion that I found no reference to in his excellent article—the not infrequent overstrain on the mind; and is it, or is it not, an acquired characteristic? Conversion is productive of a certain amount of insanity. The personal stimulus is too strong, the mind under the rush of anthropomorphic idealism finds it impossible to readjust itself quickly enough to its inevitable continuance of the past synthesis of life. There is a conscious unassimilable alternation of personality, the elimination of which lies apparently in a return to the pre-conversion state.

Then comes the question, Is it, or is it not, an acquired characteristic? If it is a natural growth or development of certain temperaments, then presumably such influence might be passed on to the children, the converted man being so inherently. But if it be acquired, must we not hold that as the man was before conversion, so for all inherent propagating influences in his children he remains. As Father Tyrrell said, "Between natural and supernatural reality there can be no conflict, but only between the theories of one and the other, between natural and sacred science."

With Mr. Low, I hold that natural science has thrown considerable light on conversion—it remains yet for sacred science to do so, for at present it only continues to point us to the reality we all recognise.—Yours, &c., V. P.

January 18th, 1910.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I have read with great interest the letters on this subject in your current number. I for one am extremely glad that the cudgels have been taken up by those who hold opposite views to Mr. Sidney Low and others like myself, who believe that the phenomena of conversion can be explained by the methods of psychological analysis. What, if any, are the essential differences between the two schools of thought? In the first place, what are the phenomena of conversion which are under analysis? Both schools of thought will, I think, agree that conversion, as described by Mr. Harold Begbie, implies a sudden change in the moral attitude of an individual, the breaking up of old, firmly associated ideas, and a sudden formation of entirely new mental associations. There are three salient features in these conversions: firstly, the change is a sudden one; secondly, it is ushered in by some form of strong emotion; thirdly, the change is out of proportion to the means used to produce it when judged by everyday experience of the relationship between cause and effect.

From the point of view of the Churchman, the apparent disproportion between cause and effect is explained by the action of a power extraneous to the organism, which, using the preacher as an instrument, produces the effect upon the person converted.

From the point of view of the psychologist, the apparent disproportion between cause and effect is due to the non-recognition of a power within the mind of the convert, the power of some stratum of mind or personality under certain conditions, to act upon suggestions received to an extent which would be impossible under normal conditions.

To the Churchman his view is correct, because of his reasoned belief in a certain form of dogmatic teaching, which to him represents the spiritual order of the universe, and upon the acceptance of which depends the true relationship between the mind of man and the world in which he lives. To the psychologist his view is correct, because the observed phenomena are in parallel with other observed psychological phenomena, and because, as a scientific inquirer, he is bound to infer similarity of causes when he observes similar results obtained under similar conditions. However much the Churchman may be right in his view, he is, to my mind, wrong in denouncing any scientific inquiry into the observed facts of our mental life, he is endangering the very cause for which he is fighting; if his beliefs represent truth, they will fit in with all knowledge, and with all theories which are the logical outcome of that knowledge. I cannot see how a reasoned belief in the functions and powers of the subconscious mind and in the influence which suggestion may have upon these powers and functions, can influence anyone towards "abandoning trust in the rationality of the universe on which true religion takes its stand." No amount of psychological knowledge will disprove God, but, as in other branches of scientific inquiry, it may alter one's conception of the way God deals with man. On what grounds does Mr. Caldecott deny the objective reality of anything which can be conveyed by suggestion? The object aimed at by both suggestor and preacher is alike, to re-educate the will, to break up old faultily associated ideas, and to form new associations which will tend towards right thinking and acting. In neither case are the suggestions baseless.

I agree with Mr. Caldecott in believing that no healthy mind is ever self fed. A healthy mind depends upon healthy reactions to the objective realities of life. If we can interpret the world in which we live rightly, if our ideas are rightly associated in every direction, we shall need neither the emotional appeal of conversion nor treatment by suggestion. We shall act according to the truth which is in us which is God.—Yours, &c., MAURICE B. WRIGHT, M.D.

33, Wimpole Street,  
January 20th, 1910.

#### ETONIAN MANNERS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Mr. Stanley Wightman has written to you this week, regretting that all the members of the present Cabinet have not "enjoyed the privilege of being Etonians." "In my humble opinion," he adds, "we could with advantage to the dignity and tone of our public life have very much more of Eton, and the type for which she stands . . ."

Fortunately, since Mr. Wightman wrote, the Headmaster of Eton has given us an admirable display of Etonian "dignity and reserve." I quote from the "Observer" for January 16th:—

"The Headmaster of Eton, the Rev. the Hon. E. Lyttelton, speaking at Windsor last night, said it was twenty years since he had stood upon a political platform. Then it was on the Liberal side. The reason why he was not on that side now was because Liberals then were very different from Liberals now. Liberals then told the truth."

"There were eight hundred and sixty millions, the savings of working men. Did they think it likely that in the course of a few years Mr. Lloyd George would not cast his eyes on that sum? He thought that when the people of England began to understand these things they would do as they did to Henry George—the other George—in Edinburgh twenty-three or twenty-four years ago, when he had to bolt away from a meeting which rushed forward to turn him out. It would not be the first time, however, that Mr. Lloyd George had to run away from a hall. (Cheers.) 'I fancy,' added Canon Lyttelton, 'he knows the way out by the back door as well as anyone.'

"In conclusion, he said that he would rather put a number of blind kittens in the place of Government than be governed by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill. (Loud and continued cheering and cries of 'Good old Eton!'")

—Yours, &c.,  
Hollycot, Vale of Health,  
Hampstead, N.W.  
January 15th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Exquisitely apropos comes the report of the speech of Canon Lyttelton, Eton's headmaster, with its sneers at Mr. Lloyd George for vulgarly escaping from his would-be murderers, and its unfavorable comparison of the Government to a "lot of blind kittens in a basket."

Through the thin veneer of Christian sentiment and society polish in this Anglican dignitary may be clearly discerned the average English aristocratic barbarian. The Canon gives dramatic and convincing proof of the thesis of your article on "Our Lost Romance." The letter of your correspondent, Mr. Stanley Wightman, must be recalled by him to-day with curious qualms. He had committed himself to the "humble opinion that we could with advantage to the dignity and tone of our public life have very much more of Eton, and the type for which it stands, and completely dispense with the new Comic School for Scandal"!

And now we have Canon Lyttelton himself, with his "blind kittens in a basket," clearly qualifying for the headmastership of this very "Comic School for Scandal"!—

Yours, &c.,  
J. S. BOOTHROYD.  
Brockley, January 18th, 1910.

#### MAGYAR PERSECUTION OF A ROUMANIAN POET.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The reactionary methods by which the coalition Government have ruled Hungary since the spring of 1906 have been more than once exposed in THE NATION, and your readers are aware that the non-Magyar races of Hungary are subjected to systematic political persecution at the hands of the narrow aristocratic clique which monopolises the whole Government and administration of the country. Any adequate account of the treatment meted out to the Slovaks and Roumanians (to say nothing of Croatia) would far exceed the limits of your space, especially amid the stress of the elections. But I venture to draw your attention to an incident of a peculiarly flagrant kind, which took place only last week, and which may be described as the Parthian shot of Dr. Wekerle and Count Apponyi against their non-Magyar fellow citizens. This is the arrest of the Roumanian poet and journalist, Mr. Octavian Goga.

Mr. Goga is the most brilliant of the younger Roumanian poets, and his stirring lyrics have earned him a high reputation not only among the 3,000,000 Roumanians of his native Hungary but also in the neighboring kingdom of Roumania. To the Magyar Chauvinists he is doubly obnoxious, firstly as the inspired singer of an oppressed population, and secondly as the ardent advocate of Roumanian loyalty to

the House of Hapsburg. When the Archduke Francis Ferdinand paid a state visit to the Roumanian Court at Sinaia last summer, Mr. Goga, in his weekly newspaper, "Tara Noastră" (published at Hermannstadt) summoned the Roumanian peasantry of Transylvania to assemble at every station along the route and to acclaim their future sovereign, whose firm adherence to the idea of Universal Suffrage they regard as their sole hope of political emancipation. These loyal demonstrations actually took place, although the Magyar authorities threw every obstacle in their way; and since then Mr. Goga has been a marked man. In the autumn, half a dozen articles in "Tara Noastră" were incriminated by the Public Prosecutor, as containing "incitement" against the State, and an action was brought against their author. Meanwhile, Mr. Goga himself, who had laid his plans to spend two years abroad in Italy and France, arranged to stop the publication of his paper at the New Year, and, before leaving for Paris, went to the well-known Lakács Bath in Budapest to undergo a cure. At this stage the author of the articles died, and the Public Prosecutor shifted the responsibility for them on to the shoulders of Goga, as editor of the paper. A week ago he was arrested in the Kurhaus under suspicion of attempting to escape from a prosecution of which he had not even received any official notice. This treatment of an ill man is aggravated by the fact that preventive arrest is almost unknown (indeed barely legal) in Hungary in press actions; while the falsity of the charge of evasion is sufficiently proved by Mr. Goga having both inscribed his name as a regular *Kurgast* and duly announced his arrival to the police. Bail for 15,000 crowns has been refused, and Dr. Wekerle, when appealed to by the Roumanian deputies of the Hungarian Parliament, absolutely declined to intervene. Perhaps he hoped that the incident might embarrass his more liberal successor as Premier, Dr. Lukacs; or perhaps he yielded to the influence of his colleague, Count Apponyi, whose reactionary law for the Magyarisation of Primary Education was eclipsed last summer by his flagrant violation of Roumanian Church autonomy. In any case, the unfortunate poet remains in prison.

By a peculiar irony of fate, the police official who made the arrest found upon the poet's table the completed MS. of his Roumanian translation of Madách's classical drama "The Tragedy of Man," which fervent patriots are wont to describe as the Magyar "Faust." Such treatment is hardly calculated to encourage the Roumanians to devote their time to Magyar literature.

Sir, the persecution of distinguished literary men is unworthy of a civilised country, and it is high time that the Magyars should abandon such tactics towards races who are their inferiors only in the exercise of political power, and in no other respect. I have dealt with Mr. Goga's case in some detail, not because it is an isolated incident (the fresh conspiracy against Father Hlinka, the Slovak patriot, is, if possible, even more outrageous), but simply because it is so characteristic of the systematic campaign waged by the Magyar Government against all representatives of non-Magyar culture in Hungary. I appeal to you and your readers, not for any act of interference in the private affairs of Hungary, but for a public expression of sympathy with the victims of Magyar oppression, whether they be Roumanian or Slovak, Croat or Serb or German. The racial question in Hungary is not less important than the racial question in Turkey, and if left too long as an open sore upon the face of Europe, may some day produce effects of European importance. Meanwhile, no one to whom Liberalism is more than a hollow phrase can regard with indifference the situation of the non-Magyar races of Hungary and indeed of the agrarian population without distinction of nationality.—Yours, &c.,

R. W. SETON-WATSON.

Spalato, Dalmatia,  
January 10th, 1910.

#### PROTECTION AND THE PRICE OF WHEAT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I suppose you admit that the price of a thing depends on the law of "supply and demand"?

If so, it is clear that if the supply of corn is greatly

increased by encouraging our Colonies to open up their vast resources, the supply being thereby greater, the price would fall; not only so, other countries now supplying us would cut their prices down to meet the competition. Under these circumstances, surely it is reasonable to expect, by granting a preference, to *lower* and not *increase* the price of the loaf?

I ask you in fairness to publish this letter. It expresses the view of a 'cute American, well up in these matters.—  
Yours, &c.,

TARIFF REFORMER.

United Empire Club,  
117, Piccadilly, W.  
January 19th, 1910.

[It is absolutely irrational to count on a reduction in the price of wheat as the result of exchanging a Colonial supply for a world supply. The great value of the latter is that it averages good and bad harvests. The uncertainty of harvests created constant fluctuations in the price of wheat in the old Corn Law days. The new Corn Laws would bring them back.—ED., NATION.]

#### LIGHT DUES AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In June last, I acted as the representative of the West of England Steamship Owners' Protection and Indemnity Association, Limited, who are acting in the above matter in concert with other similar associations in England, after seeing some of the principal national Shipowners' Associations on the Continent, who have joined their British confrères with a view to forcing the International Delegates to grant an immediate reduction in the sanitary dues, and the French Concessionaires materially to reduce the lighthouse charges or to abandon the concession to a syndicate which, in addition to improving the service, is prepared to reduce the charges by 30 per cent.

In dealing with the lighthouse question, I had a very favorable reception from the Turkish officials, particularly from Djavid Bey, the Minister of Finance, who promised to give the matter every consideration, agreeing that my proposals are very satisfactory to his Government and the shipowners. Consequently the official formalities have already been made between the Ministries of Finance and Marine.

Extraordinary as it may appear, I found that the attitude, not only of the British Chamber of Commerce of Turkey, but also of his Majesty's Embassy at Constantinople, has always been one of opposition to the legitimate desire of the British shipowners, a desire which is shared by every shipowner in the world whose vessels are trading in Turkish waters.

In fact, the prominent members both of the British Embassy and of the British Chamber of Commerce of Turkey not only do not sympathise with the efforts to reduce the charges or to acquire the Light dues' concession, but they talk against this plan; and the most incomprehensible part is that their views are known to the staff of the Lighthouse management, who quote the names of these officials in support of their administration.

It is difficult to understand this attitude on the part of those whose duty it is to support British interests, and if any inquiry were held on the subject these parties could not uphold their views, because not only are they acting directly against what should be their rôle in the matter, but they are also playing, perhaps unwittingly, into the hands of those who by the nature of things should be their opponents, and are throwing cold water on an enterprise which it should be their pride to further to the best of their ability. It stands to reason that by this attitude they can only mislead the Foreign Office and its advisers.

Further, I have heard it said that Sir Edward Grey does not wish to encourage the present Turkish Government to cancel agreements made with foreigners under the old régime, but I am at a loss to understand how the taking back this concession from the present holders can be termed "cancelling an agreement," because the wording of the concession contemplates the possibility of it being taken back by the Government, and if my efforts succeed, they will do so because they are based on the terms of the concession itself.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE A. SALDJI.

15, Great St. Helen's, London, E.C.

January 17th, 1910.

#### Poetry.

##### FROM THE GOLDEN BOOK.

EVE.—LONG ago in ages gray  
I was fashioned out of clay:  
Builded with the sun and moon,  
Kneaded to a holy tune:  
And there came to me a breath  
From the House of Life and Death.  
Then the sun roared into fire,  
And the moon with swift desire  
Leaped upon her journey long,  
Singing in the starry throng:  
And I climbed up from the sod  
Holding to the hand of God.  
In a Garden fair and wide,  
Looking down a mountain side,  
Prone I lay and felt the press  
Of Immensity's caress:  
There a space I lived and knew  
What the Power meant to do.  
Till upon a day there came  
Down to me a voice of flame,  
"Thou, the corner-stone of man,  
Rise, and set about my plan;  
Nothing doubting, for a guide  
I have quickened in thy side."  
From the garden wide and fair,  
From the pure and holy air,  
Down the mountain side I crept  
Stumbling often, ill-adapt;  
Feeling pangs of woeful bliss  
Growing from the primal kiss.  
Then from out my teeming side  
Came the son who is my guide:  
Him I nursed through faithful days  
Till I faltered at his gaze,  
Boldly staring, when he saw  
I was woman, life, and law.  
Life and law and dear delight:  
I the moon upon the night  
All alluring: I the tree  
Growing nuts of mystery:  
I the tincture and the dew  
That the apple reddens through.  
I desirable and sweet:  
I of fruitfulness complete:  
I the promise and the threat  
Which the gods may not forget:  
I the Weaver spinning blind  
Destinies for human-kind.  
Lifting, lifting ever up  
Till I reach the golden cup:  
Groping down and ever down  
Till I find the buried crown:  
I the Searcher sent to bring  
Plumes for the Almighty's Wing.  
Weaving Life and Death I go:  
Building what I do not know:  
Planting, tho' in sore distress,  
Gardens in the wilderness:  
Palaces too big to scan  
By the little eye of man.  
Knowing surely this is true  
That the thing I have to do  
Has been ordered by the breath  
From the House of Life and Death:  
It no wind of chance or wide  
Doubting-Cloud may set aside.  
Still the sun roars out in fire  
And the moon with pale desire  
Keeps the path was pointed her  
In the starry theatre:  
Sun and moon and I are true  
To the work we have to do.

JAMES STEPHENS.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"Poems Written in Early Youth." By George Meredith. (Constable. 6s. net.)

"The Strength of England: A Politico-Economic History of England from Saxon Times to the Reign of Charles I." By J. W. Welford. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

"The Promise of American Life." By Herbert Croly. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

"Roman Life and Manners under the Early Empire." By Ludwig Friedlander. Translated by J. H. Freese. Vol. III. (Routledge. 6s.)

"Liberty and Authority." By Lord Hugh Cecil. (Arnold. 2s. 6d.)

"Aspects of the Hebrew Genius." Edited by Leon Simon. (Routledge. 2s. 6d.)

"A Wardour Street Idyll." By Sophie Cole. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)

"Les Pères de la Révolution de Bayle à Condorcet." Par Joseph Fabre. (Paris: Alcan, 10fr.)

"Etudes et Leçons sur La Révolution Française." Sixième Séries. Par A. Aulard. (Paris: Alcan. 3fr. 50.)

"La Vague Rouge." Roman. Par J. H. Rosny. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)

LESLIE STEPHEN declared that nobody ever wrote a dull autobiography and, though some have achieved what Stephen thought impossible, writers who bore us when they tell us about themselves often bore us still more when they tell us about anything else. At any rate, books of self-revelation have so great an attraction for most readers that it is surprising we have had to wait so long for a study of the autobiography as a literary type. The first attempt in this direction comes from an American lady, Mrs. A. R. Burr, whose book, "The Autobiography," is issued in this country by Messrs. Constable. It is founded upon a critical analysis of two hundred and sixty "capital autobiographies," ranging from St. Augustine to Mr. Edmund Gosse. In this survey Mrs. Burr seems to have had two closely related though distinct objects: to determine the laws governing what she calls "the autobiographical intention," and to trace the rise and progress of self-study and introspection as revealed in literature. Her method is ruthlessly scientific. She quotes freely from such writers as Quetelet, Le Bon, and Ribot, and she explains Sainte-Beuve's failure to "utilise his material as an aid to science" as due to the fact that he did not come under the influence of "the suggestiveness of the modern psychological laboratory." It is Sainte-Beuve's large fund of curiosity and his disregard of "science" that makes his biographical criticism so readable and so full of interest.

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"AUGUSTINE, Cardan, and, later, Rousseau and Mill—these," says Mrs. Burr, "are the autobiographers who have influenced others, and these are the great self-students." Nobody can deny that Augustine was a great self-student, but, in our view, his "Confessions" ought to rank as a religious, rather than as an autobiographical, classic. Anatole France, who enjoys reading autobiographies, complains that the saint does not confess enough. "His is a spiritual book, which satisfies divine love more than human curiosity. He does not write for the curious; he writes for the Manicheans." Cardan's "De Vita Propria Liber" deserves a place in any list of autobiographies, but if we were to name the most typical and influential "self-revealer" before Rousseau, it would surely be Montaigne. Yet Montaigne is not even mentioned in Mrs. Burr's pages. Nor, except for one bare reference, is Sir Thomas Browne, although the author boldly tells us that "the reader may be sure that the omission of a work simply means that it contains no definite matter worth noting in the following pages." Another omission we have noted is the "True Historical Relation" of Sir Tobie Matthew, and, judging from the dates given in the appendix, there is a confusion between Marguerite de Valois, who wrote "Mémoires," and Marguerite de Valois-Angoulême who wrote none. In spite of these slight faults, and in spite of her parade of "psychology," Mrs. Burr's book is not unworthy of the fascinating theme she has chosen.

BIOGRAPHY and memoirs bulk largely in Mr. John Lane's list of spring announcements. Mr. Oscar Browning's "Memories of Sixty Years at Eton, Cambridge, and Elsewhere" is sure to contain a number of good anecdotes as well as personal impressions of the many distinguished people—among them men of letters, artists, politicians, sportsmen, dons, and, it is said, even emperors—whose friendship Mr. Browning has enjoyed. The book also deals with the education given in the Public Schools and Universities, a subject upon which Mr. Browning can speak with the authority that comes from a full and varied experience.

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A LITERARY biography of special interest which the same publisher has in preparation is Dr. F. W. Moorman's "Robert Herrick: A Biographical and Critical Study." Apart from the biographical accounts prefixed to editions of his poems, no English life of Herrick has hitherto been attempted. Dr. Moorman has been able, from the Herrick papers at Beaumanor and from documents in the Record Office, to bring to light a good deal of fresh information about Herrick's career. He has also succeeded in fixing the dates at which many of the poems included in the "Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers" were written, and by this means to trace the progress of the poet's mind and art.

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THE love letters of Alfred de Musset to Aimée d'Alton, of which we have already spoken in this column, have been published by the "Figaro," and given rise to a storm of controversy about Musset and his love affairs. The letters, together with a number of unpublished poems, have been edited by M. Léon Séché, and will be issued in volume form next week by the Mercure de France.

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A NEW volume of poems by Mr. James Elroy Flecker is to be published during the season. Readers of THE NATION have had several opportunities of appreciating Mr. Flecker's poetical inspiration and mastery over English metrical devices.

\* \* \*

THE news that Messrs. Routledge are bringing out a revised edition of Sonnenschein's "The Best Books" will be welcome not only to librarians and students but to the general reader as well. The world of books keeps increasing at so great a rate that a trustworthy guide to its population is more indispensable than ever, and this function has for more than twenty years been performed by "The Best Books." It was first published in 1887; a revised edition appeared in 1891, and this was supplemented by "The Reader's Guide," issued in 1895. The edition now in preparation contains additional notes and titles dealing with books published up to the end of last year. In its new form the work will consist of three parts, and Part I. (Theology, Mythology, Folklore, and Philosophy) will be issued in the course of the next few weeks.

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GERHARD HAUPMANN, the German poet and dramatist, has written a novel which is to be published shortly under the title of "Emanuel Quint." This is his first attempt at fiction in a non-dramatic form.

\* \* \*

THE biography of Daniel Defoe, upon which Professor W. P. Trent has been engaged for some time, is now almost ready, and, together with a fuller bibliography of Defoe's works than has yet appeared, will be published shortly by the Columbia University Press. The trustees of Columbia University have also charged Professor Trent with the editorial supervision of a complete edition of Milton's works in verse and in prose, in English and in Latin. This new edition is intended to be complete, authoritative, and definitive. It will give special attention to bibliographical detail, and will contain facsimiles of manuscripts and of title-pages as well as a chronological sequence of portraits of Milton.

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A COLLECTION of essays and addresses by Lord Esher is to be published by Mr. John Murray. The book will contain quotations from the unpublished journals of Queen Victoria and passages from private letters of General Gordon.

## Reviews.

### THE DECAY OF THE DRAMATIC SPIRIT.\*

THERE are many significant and important sayings in this reprint of Mr. Arthur Symons's essays on the Play, the Players, and the Audience. And, to begin with the last words in the book, a paper called "A Paradox on Art," one sees that the ingenious author has failed to realise the vast gulf that yawns between Creation and Interpretation. For the thesis of the "Paradox" is simply this: that there is no such gulf in existence.

"Bach writes a composition for the violin; that composition exists in the abstract, the moment it is written down upon paper, but, even to those trained musicians who are able to read it at sight, it exists in a state at least but half alive; to all the rest of the world it is silent. Ysaye plays it on his violin, and the thing begins to breathe, has found a voice perhaps more exquisite than the sound which Bach heard in his brain when he wrote down the notes."

And the conclusion drawn is that "the man who writes music is no more truly an artist than the man who plays that music," and, one may infer, that Shakespeare is no more an artist than Mr. Forbes Robertson, which, with all respect to the most poetic and most gifted actor on the English stage, is something perilously like the reduction of Mr. Symons's argument to an utter absurdity.

Putting on one side the question as it affects music, it would appear either that the author has not read Lamb's remarks on "King Lear," or else that he has forgotten them. For, it will be remembered, the whole point of Lamb's essay is that Shakespeare *in excelsis* cannot be acted at all. "The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm that he (Lear) goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear. . . . What have looks, or tones, to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the heavens themselves, when in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that 'they themselves are old'? What gestures shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things?" So far, then, from the actor at his very best being co-equal with the creator, he is something perilously near an impertinence and traducer; his gestures, his tones, his uplifted eyebrows, his contracted and grinning jaws, are but the property-man's red fire and a thunderstorm on an iron sheet. And it may be that it was the recognition of this aesthetic principle which made the Greeks hide the face of the actor behind a mask, and hide his personality as displayed in tone behind a rigid and appointed chant. Not very long ago there was a certain method of reading the English Church service which was called "impressive"; the prayers, versicles, and responses were, in fact, "acted." This method has been generally condemned as ridiculous, and indeed offensive; and it may be that the day will come when "King Lear" will be presented rather as a great Rite than as a play.

This heresy of the equality of interpreter with creator apart, Mr. Symons's book resolves itself in the main into an indictment of English plays, English players, and English audiences; and one must needs confess that there is a great deal to be said for the writer's pessimistic outlook. That is, be it understood, if we are to take even moderately high ground with respect to the drama; if we are to assume towards the plays which we can pay to see to-night anything like the attitude which we assume towards Sophocles, and Shakespeare, and Molière, and Sheridan. If not, *cadit quæstio*, there is nothing to write about, nothing to advance, and nothing to oppose. If the comedies and tragedies which are being exhibited this evening have only the name in common with the masterpieces of other days, then it would be idle and impertinent, indeed, to institute comparisons, and apply rules, and quote Aristotle. We should be like Mr. Curdle in "Nicholas Nickleby," who inquired whether Nicholas had "preserved the unities"—in a piece hastily botched and cobbled from the French, with due regard to Mr. Crummles's newly acquired properties, the Pump and Tubs. But if, with Mr. Symons, we are to talk of our plays

in something of the same spirit in which we talk of our poetry, then it is to be feared that his judgments are not too severe:—

"Our cleverest playwrights, apart from Mr. Shaw, are what we might call practitioners. There is Mr. Pinero, Mr. Jones, Mr. Grundy: what names are better known, or less to be associated with literature? There is Anthony Hope, who can write, and Mr. Barrie, who has something both human and humorous. There are many more names, if I could remember them; but where is the serious playwright? Who is there that can be compared with our poets or our novelists, not only with a Swinburne or a Meredith, but in a younger generation, with a Bridges or a Conrad?"

And yet, as Mr. Symons notes, "the ingredients are unchanging since 'Prometheus'; no human agony has ever grown old or lost its pity and terror." What, then, is the reason for the decadence of the drama; why is it that, with the rarest exceptions, the popular play by "the leading dramatist," once its run is over, ceases to be and is seen no more? Why is it that Pinero and Jones and Grundy—to adopt Mr. Symons's examples—are not and will not be classics of English literature? Why is "Judah" more obsolete by far than "Punch and Judy"; why would a manager as soon revive "Ralph Roister Doister" as "The Squire"?

The question is a complicated one; it cannot be answered off-hand; since the influences which make against Tragedy are many and obscure and subtle. But it may be remarked, in parenthesis, that the writer once had the privilege of witnessing a tragedy which was comparable to the great works of the old time. It was called "Ghosts"; and it had to be seen, if one remembers rightly, in some kind of secret chamber in Kensington, by favor of cards of invitation! And in the manner in which this great drama was presented, it is possible to trace one at least of the causes which make Tragedy an impossible, or, at least, an unlikely growth of English literature. Given a censorship which is the laughing-stock of educated people all over the world, it is hardly to be expected that the great drama will flourish. It would be as reasonable to anticipate a fine crop of water-lilies in the centre of a barrack-yard.

Then there is another deterrent cause, and a much more serious one. We may abolish the censorship; but can we give our audiences new hearts, new minds, new souls? To the playwright the audience is as an atmosphere; he must accommodate himself to the air which he breathes. In old Greece there may have been many men who, by some odd anticipation of fate, were in reality authors of musical comedy, who felt all their days, perhaps, a strange stirring, an ineffable longing, to write dramas called "In Gay Ionia," "The Merry Maids of Miletus," and "Olympus Up-too-late." And we know that they could never write these plays; that the time was not yet come for Imbecility Complete and Unashamed. Musical comedy was not in the air of Greece; and it may be doubted whether Tragedy is in the air of England to-day. Mr. Symons tells a story of a Swedish poet who went the round of the London theatres. He was surprised to find that

"The greater part of the pieces which were played at the principal London theatres were such pieces as would be played in Norway and Sweden at the lower-class theatres, and that nobody here seemed to mind. The English audience, he said, reminded him of a lot of children . . . of criticism, preference, selection, not a trace."

Exactly; and it is hardly reasonable to expect the nursery to blossom out into drama which sounds the depths and terrors and glooms of the human heart; which surges up to that high white heaven to which the soul may, if it will, aspire. Sophocles and Shakespeare wrote for men and not for Tiny Tots. As the atmosphere and the soil, so the vegetation: one must not hope to see the pineapple acclimated on the slopes of Ben Nevis.

Then—to put the same point in a new way—it is doubtful whether audiences or authors understand what tragedy and comedy are; whether they apprehend in their essence these two forms of dramatic art. There is the tale of the old lady who, witnessing the "Screen Scene" in "The School for Scandal," was heard to murmur to her friend in a voice choked with emotion: "Oh, pore dear. I 'ope she won't yield to him"—"him" being, of course, Joseph. And such in sober earnest is the fashion in which Sheridan's masterpiece is now played and witnessed. The decadence was in full progress in the lifetime of Charles Lamb, eighty years ago. Comparing the revivals of the 'twenties with the per-

\* "Plays, Acting, and Music: A Book of Theory." By Arthur Symons. Constable. 6s. net.

formance of the original cast, he notes that the whole comic spirit had evaporated ; the audience saw the piece unfold in a serious and sentimental vein, and when the screen went down, there was no longer heard that roar of laughter that gladdened the production of the play in the eighteenth century. And if the harlequinade were not dead—or well-nigh dead—we should doubtless wipe our eyes furtively and whisper in a husky voice, "poor man," as the Policeman fell sprawling on the buttered slide contrived by the Clown. So, if the plot of "The School for Scandal" could have occurred as a new thing to one of our "leading dramatists" of the present time, then we may be quite sure that the intrigue of the play would have been treated in the most serious spirit. Sir Peter's life with Lady Teazle would have become a terrible tragedy ; Joseph would have based his temptations on the "New Ethics" ; Charles Surface would have insisted on a man's right to realise himself by owing money to his tailor and drinking a great deal of Burgundy ; and in all probability Lady Teazle would have taken poison in the last act. That is to say, a topic essentially comic would have been distorted into a tragic setting ; the play would have run five hundred nights, and in five years' time would have passed into sheer nothingness. There were endless possibilities of comedy in the story of Paula Tanqueray.

Yet one may reflect with gratitude that even now there are two theatres in London to which the most critical may resort with whole-hearted enjoyment. At the St. James's one may see "The Importance of Being Earnest," a farce which is yet much more than a farce, which is, perhaps, a new genre in the drama, a gossamer web of queer and fantastic humors, a delicate masterpiece of the incongruous. And then, if one is for more valiant fare, the true spirit of burlesque presides at the Apollo. You have here no vein of "Musical Comedy," which is for the most part a mere gibbering in gay colors ; but the broadly, bravely, irresistibly ridiculous, the very medicine for gloom and care. And it is probably on the line of farce, of broad farce and fantastic farce, that the modern English dramatist would find salvation and success.

#### NAPOLEON AND THE BOURBONS.\*

To turn from the romance of Napoleon's career to the prose of the Restoration is like leaving the mountain side for the marsh. The one is instinct with grandeur, albeit of a somewhat terrifying type ; the other belongs to low levels which seemed to have vanished for ever. The personality of the Emperor is enthralling, so much so that even to-day it dulls the reasoning powers in weak-minded adorers : that of Louis XVIII. has a soporific effect. The sharp ring of the letters of the born leader braces the thoughts : the self-centred moralisings and perpetual recurring to the subject of gout, on the part of the hereditary monarch, mark a drop to the commonplace.

The narrative of M. Stenger, which now appears in English, is confessedly that of an admirer of Napoleon. Quite early in the narrative we find the well-known signs. England is "that insatiable and treacherous nation," which cannot forgive France for being ruled by a genius, but must needs pick a quarrel with her and him, and also set all the other nations at him. Finally, *la perfide Albion* compasses her ends, after deluging the Continent with blood, and manages to impose on France the impotent Bourbon, whose exile she had so long sheltered. Such is the theme, written with a fine disregard of diplomatic history, and a pathetic belief in the trustworthiness of French Memoirs, even those emanating from St. Helena. Here and there, it is true, M. Stenger admits that the Emperor was fallible : that at the Congress of Châtillon in February, 1814, he was only seeking to trick the Allies in order to gain time. But these admissions are as rare as they are reluctant and slight. In the main, the moral is ardently Bonapartist and bitterly Anglophobe. The author does not seem to understand that, even in the eyes of the French

people, Napoleon's rule had become an impossibility by the spring of 1814. For him the critics of the imperial régime, such as Lainé, the outspoken barrister of Bordeaux, were mere traitors, bent on paralysing the national defence. He praises Napoleon's magnanimity for not arresting, or shooting, that courageous Deputy ; but he does not see that the Emperor would have done so had not Lainé then been voicing the national sentiment. Certainly by the time the Allies were in Paris, the majority of Frenchmen had come to see that the rule of Napoleon meant perpetual war ; and they were ready for any change which would give them peace. This was the reason why Louis XVIII. returned ; not because the Allies, or de Vitrolles, or Talleyrand intrigued successfully, but because that solution of the difficulty offered the best guarantee that France would gain peace and escape partition by the Allies. These were the essential needs of the situation ; and because Louis XVIII., unsatisfactory as he was in all other respects, satisfied these needs, he became King of France. It is astonishing that M. Stenger, who is not wholly without those French characteristics, clearness of insight and lucidity of statement, should range at large over the history of the period, and yet not comprehend this all-important fact.

M. Stenger's narrative is largely concerned with the details of the life of Louis XVIII. and of his numerous relatives, during the time of exile. Certainly it was necessary to show him and his brother, the Comte d'Artois, in their historical setting during the years 1790-1814 ; and the story is in parts interesting, but only in so far as it brings out the characteristics of these princes and enforces the strange contrast between the pretensions of the mimic Courts at Mittau, Holyrood, or Hartwell, and the brilliant future opened out by the political blunders of Napoleon. The earlier part of the narrative is overburdened with details concerning the advisers or satellites of the princes and their cousins, the Condés. Here and there, e.g., in the miserable Quiberon affair of 1795, we discern important traits of character, such as the absolute pusillanimity of the Comte d'Artois, and the selfish seclusion of the King, while the brave Bretons were staking their all for the throne and altar. We may note in passing that the reference to the Quiberon expedition is very loose and confused. Some of the descriptions of Louis XVIII.'s journeys in England (e.g., that to Warwick) are of some interest. That prince was certainly a cold and somewhat self-centred personage, but M. Stenger exaggerates this defect. After all, did not the prince, when he had an income of barely 600,000 francs, give away more than half to his nephew, or to the needy émigrés ? That is not the act of an inveterate egotist. His coldness also probably sprang from belief in his divine right, which the world so long scoffed at or ignored.

M. Stenger paints a moving picture of the miseries of France during the invasion of the Allies in 1814, and rightly condemns the conduct of many of Napoleon's relatives and dependents in shamelessly abandoning him. The aim of the writer obviously is to discredit the Bourbons by associating them with that misery and that meanness. But readers who are endowed with a better sense of causation than M. Stenger, will see through this device, and will refer the woes and degradation of Frenchmen to their real author, Napoleon. M. Stenger has a curious *penchant* for Marmont, whose conduct in leading his corps over to the enemy was surely far less justifiable than that of Talleyrand, who labored might and main to found a constitutional monarchy. The duty of a soldier is to fight for his sovereign ; that of a statesman, unjustly disgraced by that sovereign, is to provide for the safety of his country ; and there is much to show that Talleyrand's policy, but for the obstinacy of Louis XVIII., would have met the needs of France, and brought about a lasting settlement. Such was the opinion of the late Lord Acton, whose cool and unbiased judgment stands in marked contrast to the heated and warped opinions here given to the world. M. Stenger's account of the First Restoration would have been more convincing if he had printed documents so important as Louis XVIII.'s Declaration of St. Ouen, and the Charter or Constitution of 1814, which are far more necessary than the long extracts from French memoirs with which the author burdens his notes. As regards the terms of peace of 1814, he tries, on page 207, to convey the impression that England exacted the utmost possible from France ; and in order to

\* "The Return of Louis XVIII." From the French of Gilbert Stenger by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. Heinemann. 18s.

"The Bourbon Restoration." By Major John R. Hall. Alston Rivers. 21s.

do this, he omits all mention of the numerous French colonies which England did restore. A worse case of *suppressio veri* it is hard to conceive.

After this, it is not surprising to find the second Restoration treated as a piece of selfish statecraft on the part of Wellington. We are first informed that Pitt had declared that the war must be perpetual, a ridiculous assertion contradicted by his speeches, and still more by his sincere efforts for peace in 1796-1797. After this exordium, M. Stenger states (on p. 373) that Wellington, on whose advice Louis XVIII. entered France very soon after Waterloo, was of an egotistical and ungenerous nature. The inference is that it was for purely selfish and insular motives that Wellington helped to force back Louis XVIII. on France. M. Stenger must know that Wellington had taken a prominent part at the Congress of Vienna in seeking to reinstate France in her rightful position in Europe and had stoutly opposed the efforts of the Prussian statesmen to partition her. Candor ought to have compelled the author to admit that Wellington desired the speedy return of Louis XVIII. in order to prevent the projects of partition which were now far more dangerous than in 1814. Wellington's advice as to the dismissal of Blacas and the appointment of Fouché testifies to the sincerity of his desire to promote a settlement satisfactory to all moderate men in France.

It is a relief to turn from M. Stenger's acrid and often untrustworthy narrative to that of Major Hall, which is such as to inspire confidence. He quotes his authorities for every important statement, and his handling of facts is that of a judge, not of a partisan. It seems to be impossible for a Frenchman to treat the events of that time with impartiality; but Major Hall possesses the detachment of view and evenness of temper which are essential. Some readers will perhaps find his measured description less attractive than that of M. Stenger. In the matter of arrangement it is sometimes defective. Thus, after plunging into an account of the events that led up to Napoleon's abdication in 1814, he harks back abruptly to the earlier events attending the "emigrations" of 1789 and succeeding years. His character sketches are also slighter than those of M. Stenger, but this results from the width of the field which he traverses. Above all, students will find in his notes the means of correcting his statements, and opportunities for further reading. His narrative is somewhat closely packed; but it is clear and businesslike, though rarely forcible or picturesque. One misses in his pages such happy characterisations as that of the Comte d'Artois by Sorel—"He had all the qualities required for gaily losing a battle or for gracefully ruining a dynasty." Major Hall, however, quotes *bons mots galore*, e.g., the reply of Louis XVIII. to Marmont's warning of the plot of November, 1814, and his request that the sovereign would not go to the theatre. "Not so," (replied the King) "it will be your business to protect me, my dear Marshal, while I go to the play to amuse myself." The plot designed by Fouché, Exelmans, and others, which so nearly coincided with Napoleon's return from Elba, is carefully described, along with other little known events of this interesting time. Major Hall exercises a severe self-restraint in not describing Waterloo. One or two of his references to the battle are a trifle incorrect. It was not the Prussian cavalry that pursued the French columns beaten back from Mt. St. Jean, but the brigades of Vivian and Vandeleur, to whose charge indeed Napoleon ascribed the final route. And Wellington cannot have uttered the words, "Oh that night or the Prussians would come" so late as 6 p.m.; for by then his allies had for more than an hour been assailing the French right. Probably the Duke never spoke the words.

Major Hall gives an impartial account of the Second Restoration, doing justice to the courage of Talleyrand in opposing the extreme royalist claims at Cambrai, especially his words "Truth compels me to say that Monsieur (the Comte d'Artois) has done a great deal of harm." The man who said that was a loyal son of France. Louis XVIII's. prudence in virtually endorsing Talleyrand's words was equally noteworthy. We have no space in which to follow Major Hall in his scholarly review of the years that follow. Very interesting is his account of the secret societies in France. Clearly, too, he brings out the follies of the Comte d'Artois when he became King in 1824. Specially note-

worthy at the present time are the chapters, "Sowing the Wind" and "Reaping the Whirlwind." There can be little doubt that, had Charles X. loyally observed the Charter of 1814, and closed his ears to the advice of the Jesuits, he would have remained on the throne. Never was a Revolution so entirely attributable to the madness of ruler, and of a few reactionaries, as that of July, 1830. We could wish to have a fuller account, reinforced by extracts from the British archives, of the diplomatic schemes whereby the Polignac Ministry hoped to distract the attention of the public from its obscurantist policy at home; for they are no less interesting than important. But Major Hall, though bringing to light no new materials, has made a careful use of those already available, and has produced what is perhaps the most compact and unbiased narrative of the years 1814-1830.

#### DR. RASHDALL'S RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY.\*

This is an exceptionally full and an exceptionally suggestive book. The author is a thinker, not a populariser of the results of other people's thinking, and his lectures are too compressed to be easy reading; in their small compass there is, perhaps, not a superfluous word. They are addressed to students; but they do not pre-suppose expert knowledge; and the man of general culture, who is prepared to take these inquiries seriously, will find himself in Dr. Rashdall's pages; by the half-educated and the smatterer such inquiries are best let alone.

"It is a good thing to have read Hegel," said Jowett to a pupil who had thrown himself into the study of that philosopher; "but now you must go and forget all about him." His meaning was probably that of Wordsworth's "close up those barren leaves." There is a point of view, and it is one to which men of Jowett's practical temperament are attracted, for which no metaphysical formula is more than a way—one of many possible ways—of putting things. And the thing is more than the formula; the one persists, the other passes away. The Hegelian dialectic had a cramping effect on not a few minds; its author himself, it is said, was unwilling to admit scientific knowledge which ran, or seemed to run, counter to it; and the positive, or positivist, reaction was a protest against the accentuation of formula at the expense of fact. There are signs that this reaction has spent itself; and that speculation is coming back. It is a return to its own. In vain would knowledge escape from its shadow. Whether he will or no, man is a metaphysician: the simplest statement of fact implies a philosophy, however unconsciously held.

The book opens with an exposition of the Idealist doctrine which, for vigor and clearness, recalls Professor Ferrier's "Institutes of Metaphysic." This position is the *Pons Asinorum* of speculation. A man must think himself into it, and for this a certain effort of reflection is required; sense, language, association, look the other way. But, once he has done so, it becomes self-evident: "So far from matter being the only existence, it has no existence of its own apart from some mind which knows it—in which and for which it exists." This is not Theism; but it is halfway to it, and the half is one which is more than the whole. It was the sense that this was so that led born sceptics like Pattison to distrust what they called the Neo-Kantian school. With regard, however, to the Theistic inference, the writer has a second string to his bow:—

"I should be sorry to have to admit that a man cannot be a Theist, or that he cannot be a Theist on reasonable grounds, without first being an Idealist. From my own point of view, most of the other reasons for believing in the existence of God resolve themselves into idealistic arguments imperfectly thought out. But they may be very good arguments as far as they go, even when they are not thought out to what seem to me their logical consequences."

Such an argument is that which infers that God is Will from the analogy of our own consciousness. It has been employed by Realists like Reid and Martineau, as well as by Idealists like Berkeley and Lotze. Yet though it

\* "Philosophy and Religion." By Hastings Rashdall, D.C.L. Duckworth. 2s. 6d.

does not necessarily presuppose Idealism it does "fit in infinitely better with the idealistic mode of thought than with the realistic." The former is the key in which Theism is set: and, it may be added, the main current of thinking has moved from the first in this direction. The instinctive cry of the philosopher is, Back to the Idea.

Dr. Rashdall's doctrine of Personality is substantially that of Lotze, to whose "Logic" and "Microcosmus" he refers the reader. For him the notion is positive: it stands for "the highest kind of existence known to us, not for the limitations and restraints which characterise human conscious life as we know it in ourselves." The philosopher is apt to look askance at the term Person as applied to the Deity because, as with such notions as Substance, Nature, Law, &c., popular religion is apt to bring in under its cover more than is contained in it or than can be admitted in the connection. Therefore—

"if anyone prefers to speak of God as 'super-personal,' there is no great objection to so doing, provided that phrase is not made (as it often is) an excuse for really thinking of God after the analogy of some kind of existence lower than that of persons—as a force, an unconscious substance, or merely a name for the totality of things. But, for myself, I prefer to say that our own self-consciousness gives us only an ideal of the highest type of existence which it nevertheless very imperfectly satisfies, and, therefore, I would rather think of God as a Person in a far truer, higher, more complete sense than that in which any human being can ever be a person."

Dealing with the problem of evil, the writer falls back on the presumable limitations of things. The notions of Infinity and Omnipotence require interpretation. "The popular idea of Omnipotence is one which really does not bear looking into. . . . The only sense which we can intelligibly give to the idea of a divine Omnipotence is this—that God possesses all the power there is, that He can do all things that are in their own nature possible." This view, which is that of Aquinas, was brought out with effect by the late Professor Mivart. It does not, perhaps, wholly escape the danger of arguing from the physical to the moral sphere. The latter is not, indeed, one in which anything can develop out of anything, and law has ceased to reign. But "with God all things are possible"; the possibilities of the lower are transcended in the higher province. And the "greatest wave," Dr. Rashdall admits, of the theistic controversy, is the chance that a limited God may be defeated in the long run. The fundamental proof of the ultimate optimism essential to life is that its denial involves the final defeat of the Uncreated by the created will.

The ethical argument for immortality is emphasised. In spite of the writer's reasonings to the contrary, it seems to us that its bearing on pre-existence is not easily got over. The note on p. 124, though weighty, is not convincing. Neither the correspondence of a certain type of body with a certain kind of soul, nor the resemblance between the individual and his parents, is persistent: the exceptions to each rule are so numerous that neither can be taken as more than approximately valid. Dr. McTaggart's speculations on this question are well known; and though he bases a non-theistic Idealism upon them, there is no necessary connection between the two. The criticism of Ritschianism is acute. "The Ritschian dislikes Dogma, not because it may be at times a misdevelopment, but because it is a development; not because some of it may be antiquated Philosophy, but simply because it is Philosophy." He is wrong: only—

"if we are to justify the development of the past, we must go on to assert the same right and duty of development in Ethics and in Theology for the Church of the future. In the pregnant phrase of Loisy, the development which the Church is most in need of at the present moment is precisely a development in the idea of development itself."

The last lecture brings out strikingly the divergence between the popular and the scientific theology of the Trinity. What the Greeks called Hypostasis "does not, and never did, mean what we commonly understand by Personality—whether in the language of ordinary life or of modern Philosophy. The great objection to the Creed (the Athanasian), apart from the damnable clauses, is the certainty that it will be misunderstood by most of those who think they understand it at all." And this objection, it may be held, is the more serious of the two.

#### MENANDER.\*

It is not altogether creditable to English scholarship that we have had to wait so long for an edition of the recently discovered fragments of Menander in our own tongue; and that which is here offered to us, though it may be the means of introducing the poet to a public wider than that of specialists, cannot (as "Unus Multorum" would be the first to admit) claim to provide the *apparatus* which the scholar needs in order to grapple with the difficulties presented by the reconstruction of the text. "Unus Multorum" is evidently an enthusiastic student of the classics, and on the basis of Lefebvre's original version and Van Leeuwen's improved text he has put together a provisional edition of the Cairo fragments, accompanied by an unpretending but quite readable translation. Unfortunately, he has not refrained from introducing drastic emendations of the MS. text, and, both in these and in the restorations of missing words which he proposes, he shows himself inadequately equipped as a textual critic. It would possibly be unfair to judge him by the standard of the line (professedly an iambic trimeter!)

οδόν· ἐγώ δὲ πάντα δουλεύομαι χρόνον

which he writes (without a word of explanation) for

οδόν· ἀλλ' ἐγώ τὸν πάντα δουλεύσω χρόνον.

But a fair specimen of his performance is to be found a few lines further back, where the papyrus has

τογαστικὸν τὸ γύναιον ὡς ἐρπεθ' ὅτι  
κατὰ τὸν ἔρωτ' οὐκ ἔστι ἀλευθερίας τυχεῖν.

The first line has exercised the critics, whose emendations are various and not always happy: but it is fairly clear that *ἀρπεθ'* is contained in the first group of letters and that *ἐρπεθ'* conceals a verb. "Unus Multorum" would read *Tεγεατικόν*, which in itself is ingenious—the ladies of Tegea enjoyed a reputation for easy virtue—and would close the line with the words *ἐρπετὰ λαβεῖν*, reading *τυχόν* at the end of the second, with the comment, "The corruption of *τυχόν* to *τυχεῖν* caused *λαβεῖν* to disappear and confound everything." The effect of the assumed initial corruption is, to say the least, incommensurate with the cause, and the translation, "It is with liberty as with love, you cannot, it seems, lay hold of it as you would of creatures that walk on the earth," does not commend itself.

"Unus Multorum," as has been said, makes Van Leeuwen's edition—his *first* edition—the basis of his own reconstruction. He does not therefore take account of much that has been written in learned periodicals on the text of the Cairo fragments. Professor Carl Robert's useful edition incorporates many, though not all, of the results of criticism, and may be commended to the attention of "Unus Multorum" when he finds it necessary to revise his text. But we are as yet far from finality in dealing with the intricate problems of reconstruction, and much may be hoped from further discovery, as well as from the patient study of extant fragments of Menander. Professor Capps, in a brilliant article in the "American Journal of Philology," which perhaps appeared too late for the use of "Unus Multorum," has recognised in a fragment included by Kock among the "Adespota" (Comicorum Atticorum Fragments III., p. 421) a scrap of the *Epitrepones* of Menander, written on the back of a strip of parchment which contains a few lines already assigned by Van Leeuwen to this play. The result is to throw a welcome light upon the scenery and plot, which makes it unnecessary here to discuss the views put forward by "Unus Multorum."

The above example will suffice to show that this, the first English edition of the fragments, requires to be used with caution; it will, we hope, soon give place to a more adequate commentary. In the meantime, the labor of "Unus Multorum" will not have been wasted if it has furthered the study of the great master of the ancient comedy of manners. In Germany scenes from these plays have already been put on the stage with no small success; why can not we do the same in England?

In the Preface we read that "the outward appearance of Menander has long been familiar to us from the admirable statue in the Vatican." Alas! this is a legend which scientific

\* "The Lately Discovered Fragments of Menander." Edited with English version, revised text, and critical and explanatory notes, by "Unus Multorum." Oxford: Parker.

iconography has long since destroyed. But "Unus Multorum" has not far to go for the true portrait. There is an example in the University Galleries at Oxford.

#### THE CAPTAIN OF KENT.\*

This heading has nothing to do with a cricket eleven. It was the title given by his followers to one of the many fine rebels in our rough island's story. A fine rebel, we say, though he has been waiting four and a half centuries for his vindication, and throughout that time his name has been the common byword of abuse for every reformer who brought forward any proposal for the advantage of the poor. Why Jack Cade should have been chosen as the type of revolutionary demagogue we cannot say. Perhaps it was the Shakespearean tradition; certainly, the man did not go nearly so far in revolution or communism as Wat Tyler and his fellows seventy years before him, though in many points the movements were similar. But hitherto anyone who, like the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been compared to Jack Cade, may have felt a certain irritation at the comparison; after reading Mr. Clayton's book he will know it is an honor.

There has always been some mystery about the rebel. His very name is uncertain, and to his contemporaries he was generally known as Mortimer. He may have belonged to that semi-royal house, and certainly he was a man of property and position in Kent, though he appears to have been born in Ireland. As to his character, we read that:—

"Throughout the county (Kent) and in the neighboring counties of Surrey and Sussex the captain was known and trusted as an honest and brave man, a man of daring and resource, shrewd, alert, and withal a man of good appearance and upright character."

From his management of his undisciplined army (which amounted to the large force of 46,000 men) he was evidently a born officer, and from his conduct of affairs and the terms of his petition for redress of grievances he seems to have possessed the makings of a statesman. For about three days he was master of London; the feeble king had withdrawn almost without a blow to Kenilworth; two or three of his most unpopular Ministers were executed; and the citizens rejoiced in the restoration of their liberties. But in an evil hour the leader of revolt exacted money from a wealthy merchant of the town, and though the citizens rejoiced in liberty, they were as unwilling to pay for it as they sometimes have been since. A Sunday intervened, and when on the next day the Captain of Kent was entering the City again from Southwark, he found the road defended. In the battle of London Bridge his followers were continually repulsed. The Archbishops took upon them the holy work of conciliation, and secured a peace with holy promises that were never kept. Cade's army melted away; he made a vain attempt on Queenborough, and then sought cover in the Sussex weald, where he was killed. His quarters, with his head among them, were dragged through London, and despatched to decorate various cities. It is consoling to find that the sheriffs demanded extra payment for this part of their business owing to Cade's popularity: "because that hardly any persons durst nor would take upon them the carriage (to wit, of the aforesaid quarters) for doubt of their lives."

So perished another leader of revolt, undoubtedly a man of high worth and one of those patriot martyrs to whom our present liberties are due. "The Bill of Complaints and Requests of the Commons of Kent," which represents the motives of his rising, is an instructive document upon the social and political conditions of the time. The story of the whole movement, which Mr. Clayton has told with admirable judgment and knowledge, affords a brief glimpse into the state of our country when her fortunes were almost at their lowest. In the middle of the fifteenth century there is, at first sight, little that is attractive. It appears to be a time of mere dynastic quarrels, party distraction, and national degradation. Yet, if we look deeper, it is found to possess the fascination of all periods of rapid and violent transition. A century from Cade's death brings us to the

\* "The True Story of Jack Cade." By Joseph Clayton. Frank Palmer. 2s. 6d.

fourth year of Edward VI., and how vast a change has been accomplished! Though the actual condition of working people was certainly no better, the sixteenth century comes like the appearance of day, and yet there is often a more subtle beauty in the first glimmers of light a few hours before the dawn.

#### PSYCHOLOGY AND ADVENTURE.\*

ONE is glad that there was the excellent Victoria at hand to smash and pulverise the social theories of David, the "hero" of "The Gateway." This is the gospel of David:

"I think that law should be inexorable, and that the law should rest on science. . . . I really do not think that charity does the slightest good in the case of the bad. I think it does distinct harm; it comes between the law-breaker and the punishment of the broken law, which is nature's method."

And we could not have a better expression of the doctrines of the scientific prig, an even more deadly species than the religious prig, or the scholastic prig. Mr. Begbie is wise enough and artistic enough not to parody the doctrines of the enemy, but simply to express them in their own true and naked absurdity. It is as if one should protest against the calling in of the doctor in a violent case of malaria, because a "burning quotidian tertian" is "scientific," and because mosquitoes are nature's method! "The Gateway" is an eminently interesting book. One does not read it for its plot, though the story is sufficiently well done; but the fact is that there is a debate on every page; now on church vestments, now on the education of children, now on the duties of the rich, now on the case of Elijah versus Jezebel. The character of the old Welsh schoolmaster, Rhys Jenkins, prophet and transcendentalist and devotee of whiskey, is both charming and convincing. Here, for example, is Jenkins on the "great controversy of Carmel."

"The prophets of Baal stood for art and beauty, it is quite true, but they also stood for evil of the most frightful kind. . . . Whatever you may think of Elijah and Jezebel, he stood for righteousness, and she for iniquity. Elijah was the masculine element which is essential to goodness; Jezebel was the feminine element which exists in all evil."

"A Crucial Experiment" is a book which one would like to recommend to the young person who is thinking of commencing novelist. This is the first sentence:—

"The little town of Coltsford, in the county of Hampshire, had never been particularly famed for its cultivation of the fine arts. It is true that among its more refined families were several young ladies who painted flowers upon mirrors and handscreens, and that during the winter months it occasionally committed itself to an evening concert or two in aid of church funds."

In a sense nothing could be much "tamer" than this, and yet how absolutely it fulfils the counsel of Edgar Allan Poe—that in the opening phrases of a story there should always be something to "ring up" the attention of the reader. And it may be said at once that the hope of the first page is not falsified: here is a singularly attractive and well-written tale of a musician who marries the oppressed, puritan-ridden daughter of Coltsford, in order that she may develop her wonderful musical talents. The marriage, it is agreed, is to be a mere form, the only possible method of releasing Gabriel Arden from the tyranny of her music-hating father. It is at this point that the reader longs to interfere, to play the part of the enthusiastic gallery-men at transpontine melodrama, to warn the hero of the extreme folly of the course that he is pursuing. Greville, the musician, is foolish enough to keep to the extremest letter of the foolish compact that he has made, to treat the remarks of the ignorant and unawakened Gabriel Arden seriously; and so the book ends, inevitably, on a sorrowful, if not a tragic, note. But the serious and capable workmanship deserves all praise.

\* "The Gateway." By Harold Begbie. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

"A Crucial Experiment." By A. C. Farquharson. Edward Arnold. 6s.

"My Lady of the South." By Randall Parrish. Illustrated. Putnams. 6s.

"Suse o' Bushy." By W. A. Allan. Arrowsmith. 6s.

"Litany Lane." By Margaret Baillie Saunders. Hutchinson. 6s.

"The Wine in the Cup." By Eleanor Wyndham. Werner Laurie. 6s.

"For Charles the Rover." By May Wynne. Second Edition. Greening. 6s.

The civil war of the North and South has formed the theme of some remarkable literature. It is the chief topic of Mr. Ambrose Bierce's wonderful collection of short stories, called "In the Midst of Life"; and now it furnishes the motive for Mr. Parrish's capital tale, "My Lady of the South." Here again is a book well done, though as different as possible from "A Crucial Experiment." It begins with the very flame and fury and turmoil of the battle, with the guns charging to the front of the position; and before many pages are read one is deep in the intrigue of the story; in subterfuge, in disguise, in escape, in peril, and in mystery. There is a marriage in darkness—"cause de Yankees done took all de oil, and we ain't got no more to burn"—and it is not till the very last sentence of the book, that the heroine, Jean, confirms the sacrament which had united her to a man whom she had never seen before. The whole story turns upon a Southern "feud"—upon the relentless war waged by one family upon another—and it may be noted that the author could appeal to the newspaper of a week or so ago to prove that he has not overstated the virulence of these vendettas.

"Suse o' Bushy" is a west-country book. It deals with Exmoor, with the county of "Lorna Doone"; it is a powerful story of rustic love and rustic tragedy and final happiness. The village witch counts for a good deal in the development of the plot, and Mr. Allan's witch is a more serious character than Mr. Blackmore's "Mother Meldrum"—who was only a sagacious old woman in love with solitude. But Martha Trollop is more akin to the terrific hag who haunted the earlier novels of Mr. Blyth; and—it may be added—to the veritable sorceress of the English countryside. Mr. Balfour, it may be remembered, in one of his philosophic works, treats the question of witchcraft—its existence or non-existence—as an example of those problems which have been settled rather by fashion than logic; and this one thing is certain: that, whether the power of inflicting evil by the exercise of the will has existed or no, there are and have been many persons who believe that they possess this power, who are witches in intention if not in fact. And within the last twenty years a learned west-countryman wrote a book on the Evil Eye, and was able to illustrate some of the most ancient and hideous recipes of black magic with accounts of apparatus discovered, in the 'nineties of the last century, in the chimney corners of Somersetshire cottages.

One of the great misfortunes of language in recent years is in the loose employment of the terms "Realism" and "Realistic." For some odd reason—which, to the present writer, has always been obscure and undiscoverable—the inditer of things more or less unpleasant has come to be styled a "Realist." Of these, Zola has long been acclaimed chief; in spite of Addington Symonds's brilliant and veracious essay demonstrating the absolutely romantic basis of "La Bête Humaine." It seems hopeless to attempt to re-define these terms; even Symonds did not perceive that the Romantics are the only true Realists; but the author of "Litany Lane" need not, under any circumstances, or under any definition, fear the imputation of Realism. It is not realism to believe that a Cordwainer was a fashioneer of cords; it is not realism to state that the making of a decree nisi absolute is anything more than a legal formula, unattended by scandal or discussion of any kind; it is not realism to represent the innocent party in such proceedings as a woman shunned and inevitably exposed to scandal and innuendo and contempt. And then, after the advanced "Anglo-Catholic" priest has firmly refused to remarry the divorced man, this divorced man weds a little guttersnipe at a registry office; and the priest, wholly forgetful of Anglo-Catholicism, compels the unfortunate girl to fulfil the vows which, from his position, he would have pronounced sinful and invalid!

This is wildness as regards facts; in "The Wine in the Cup," one gets the wildness of emotion and expression. Here is the language of the villain, disappointed in his designs on the heroine:—

"I'll wire to Zelie," he muttered, savagely, "she's a little devil—but she'll help me to forget. I'll wire to Zelie at once to join me in Paris." His face took a dark light, he saw before him the life he was going to lead, a life through dusky city streets redolent of women and wine, and the cheap applause of men. He felt the stifling heat of it in advance, and knew its acid taste.

It is a relief to turn from these lurid pages to the simple adventures of Irish Whigs and Jacobites in "For Charles the Rover." "Waverley" fixed the tradition that the Young Chevalier was a hero of romance, and Miss Wynne follows—*longo interrullo*—in the footsteps of Sir Walter, giving us O'Callaghans and O'Sullivans in place of Vich Ian Vohr.

#### TWO ILLUSTRATED POEMS.\*

THOSE who have followed the career of Mr. Edmund Dulac since his first exhibition of water-color drawings at the Leicester Galleries will hail his illustrations to the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam as proof of a talent that has matured with surprising steadiness. Some, perhaps, will say that this set of drawings marks his final emancipation from the influence of Mr. Arthur Rackham. For our own part, we have believed from the first that the connection between Mr. Rackham and Mr. Dulac existed principally in the minds of critics at a loss for a plausible comparison, for there were many vital differences in technique and color between the two artists even at this early stage. However, it is enough that in the twenty illustrations that he supplies to the quatrains of Omar, Mr. Dulac's individuality establishes itself very completely, and his sense of decoration expresses itself even more emphatically than in his previous work. We miss a little of that sheer joyousness of tint that distinguished the drawings to Shakespeare's "Tempest," which he did rather more than a year ago; but if the exuberance of individual colors has given way to the harmony of all of them, it is only what one expects and hopes for in an artist's natural development. The clarity of his color remains unimpaired, and the surface quality of the drawings is again—they give the illusion of colored marble—a tribute to his technical proficiency. Whether he is altogether the best illustrator for the poetic philosophy of the Rubáiyát is another question, which we need not discuss.

Both the color plates in this book, and those which have been done for Kipling's "Song of the English" by Mr. W. Heath Robinson, are enclosed within colored borders of varying ornateness. In some instances the border helps the picture, as a frame would. But in others there is altogether too much border, and it cramps the effect even where, owing to a too greatly elaborated pattern, it does not spoil it entirely. It is partly on this account that Mr. Heath Robinson's pen and ink line drawings strike us as being a greater achievement than his color work, imaginative in conception and fine in color as much of the latter is. Nothing disturbs the simplicity of the black and white. The design, without any external embellishment, takes its chance on the white page. And what a lot the artist obtains by working this unsullied background into his design! It gives him light and air, spacious horizons, the immensity of sea and sky, the blaze of a sunset, the blankness of a sandy shore. Often it happens that three-quarters and more of the allotted space is without as much as a scratch, and if in some cases Mr. Robinson attracts us by the beauty of his decorative line and the eloquence of his pattern, his drawings are, in others, an object lesson in how to leave out, rather than what to put in. The color work is a little less uniform in excellence. Just as Mr. Kipling sometimes halts in his efforts to poetise imperially, so Mr. Robinson's illustrations do not always reach the height of lyrical fervor obtained by the one that goes to the lines:—

"He has smote for us a pathway  
To the ends of all the earth."

or by that which pictures "The Swinging, Smoking Seas," or that which embodies the solemn vision of "Follow After." The allegories of the world's great cities are more or less conventional. But those who know Mr. Robinson chiefly as a humorous artist for the illustrated Press, should see this book of drawings, if only that it will help them to appreciate the deeper qualities that underlie the most humorous things his versatile hand produces. One is very

\* "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam." With 20 illustrations in color by Edmund Dulac. Hodder & Stoughton. 15s. net.

"A Song of the English." By Rudyard Kipling. With 30 illustrations in color and many other designs by W. Heath Robinson. Hodder & Stoughton. 15s. net.

apt not to discover the art for the humor, and to believe that the faculty for perceiving the lighter side of life is incompatible with an appreciation of serious and even transcendental ideas, and their interpretation through an artistic imagination.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"THE LITERARY PROFESSION IN THE ELIZABETHAN AGE" (Manchester University Press, 5s. net) is based in part upon a thesis presented by the author, Dr. Phoebe Sheavyn, to the University of London in support of her candidature for the degree of Doctor of Literature. As a study of the economics of the writer's trade during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., the book has a distinct value, and it is obviously the fruit of careful research. The lot of the Elizabethan author, unless he could secure a generous patron, seems to have been hard. He was, says Dr. Sheavyn, in the economic position of an ordinary wage-earner, but he "offered for sale a commodity not too greatly in demand, and even, as was also to some extent the case with manual labor—artificially cheapened by legislation." It is not surprising, therefore, to find that, according to a list given at the end of the book, most authors of the period were drawn from the classes who could afford to do without adequate payment for their work. The usual price for a play was from £6 to £10, and even the industrious Ben Jonson did not get more than £50 a year out of his plays. In order to get modern values these sums should be multiplied by eight, but still Dr. Sheavyn does not exaggerate in describing the professional authors as "invariably poor, and this in a society tending more and more to measure men by financial standards." When an author secured a patron his case was better. The Earl of Southampton is said to have made Shakespeare a present of £1,000. This, however, was exceptional, and the more usual method of patronage was to recommend the author for a Court pension or other sinecure. A fulsome dedication was the usual bait offered to the patron, and Robert Greene, who had sixteen patrons for seventeen books, must have almost exhausted his "fawning eloquence" in the process. Dr. Sheavyn has a chapter on "Personal Relations Amongst Authors," from which we learn that literary squabbles had a great interest for the general public. The record of these quarrels makes dismal reading, for even when the ponderous jibes can be understood, they show, as a rule, more coarseness than wit. Dr. Sheavyn presents a dark picture of the Elizabethan professional author, "harassed, suspected, poverty-stricken," but she has done good service to literary history both by her choice of theme and the thoroughness with which she has treated it.

\* \* \*

To Messrs. Black's color books has been added a volume on the "Isle of Man" (7s. 6d. net), written by Mr. W. Ralph Hall Caine, and illustrated by Mr. A. Heaton Cooper. In one respect Mr. Hall Caine's work is disappointing. While it tells us a deal about the geography and scenery of the Isle, traces such history as it possesses, and explains with vast elaboration the local marriage laws which are held to render a Married Woman's Property Act unnecessary, it does not reveal as much about the character of the Manx people as we feel we have a right to expect from one who has had such ample opportunities of studying them. True, he relates a delightful story of a lady who, asked for her impressions of the Manx, replied: "All the common people are ladies and gentlemen, and all the ladies and gentlemen are common people"; but this brilliancy might have been uttered with justice of so many parts of the British dominions that we feel it is inadequate as a keynote to the distinctive character of the Manx. Otherwise, the book is very readable, even if journalistic rather than literary in its tone and its effects; the high-water mark being reached, perhaps, in the tales from Manx folk-lore, which are told simply and yet with a certain distinction. Altogether too much space is given up to an account of the late Mr. Gladstone's visit in 1878, and to that of the King and Queen in 1902, the incidents connected with both being too trivial to excuse their recital at this late date. Mr. Cooper's water-color drawings deserve a paragraph to them-

selves, but we must content ourselves with saying that they visualise the beauties of Manx-land with immense charm of color and deftness of execution.

\* \* \*

IN "By the Waters of Egypt" (Methuen, 16s. net) Miss Norma Lorimer presents the reader, in the form of a diary, with the impressions and reflections created in the mind of an observant tourist who has visited the show places in Egypt and also studied Dr. Budge, read Mr. Weigall's "Antiquities of Lower Nubia," and knows something of the theories of Professor Maspero. Miss Lorimer disclaims any scientific knowledge of Egyptian antiquities, and addresses her book to those who know no more about Egypt than she did at the beginning of her trip. Whether a book produced under these circumstances deserves to be published is open to question. So much has been written about Egypt by competent authorities, and the country is so well within the beaten track of tourists, that a mere travel book which treats of it is not likely to win many readers. Miss Lorimer's descriptions have, however, the merit of coming from a fresh and lively mind. We are sometimes bored by the intrusion of insignificant details and trite reflections, but the general impression is that of listening to a sharp-eyed traveller who has good memory and who likes to chat about what she has seen. The book contains sixteen pictures in color by Mr. Benton Fletcher, and thirty-two other illustrations most of which are from photographs.

\* \* \*

THE possession of plate was, as Mr. E. L. Lowes states in his "Chats on Old Silver" (Unwin, 5s. net), a passion with our ancestors. It was the mark of high respectability. Nowadays the family plate is neither so much seen nor so much thought of; its utility properties have been ousted by those of modern china; there prevails a habit of keeping it, or such part of it as has been handed down, at the banker's; and its display is mostly represented by something very modest like a silver tea service. But it was far otherwise when display was the spice of life, and a meal-time an opportunity for pomp and circumstance which no self-respecting citizen could neglect. The modern collector of old silver will find much to encourage and instruct him in Mr. Lowes's entertaining and omniscient volume. The writer begins by pointing out that old silver has this advantage over other curios, that the exercise of commonsense alone is sufficient to secure its proving a sound investment. The marks of every maker in England from the fifteenth century onwards can be seen at the various provincial Assay offices, so that there is comparatively small chance of the collector being deceived. Then silver is not perishable, as are prints, pictures, furniture, and other objects of *virtu* that the collector seeks for. The history of its manufacture is traced from the earliest times, special mention being made of the fine Greek and Etruscan work of 500-400 B.C., of the Irish work of the fifth to tenth centuries A.D., to which we owe the Ardagh Chalice in the Royal Irish Academy, and of the English plate produced from the tenth to the thirteenth century, especially that of the twelfth century. There is a short chapter devoted to Paul Lamoine, one of the French Protestants driven to this country by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, who was to plate-making in eighteenth century England what Chippendale was to furniture. In conclusion, we are given an account of the Royal Plate at the Tower. As was the case with other arts, plate-making was confined to the monasteries until the thirteenth century, when the guilds sprang up throughout civilised Europe. The various styles correspond closely with those of architecture, and the different periods are designated by the same terms. Mr. Lowes's book is profusely illustrated, and its wide scope, embracing the new world as well as the old, renders it a peculiarly valuable handbook to the student of a vast and far from unromantic subject.

\* \* \*

"LONDON IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY" (Black, 30s. net) is the concluding volume in the Survey of London through the centuries which Sir Walter Besant planned, but did not live to complete. It is divided into seven sections headed "History and Government," "Education and Entertainment," "Open Spaces," "Societies and Clubs," "Charitable Work," "General Improvements," and "Miscellaneous." Some of the chapters make excellent reading.

To the Directors of "The Daily News," Limited,  
BOUVIERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Gentlemen.—We have examined the books of "The Daily News" for the three months ended 31st December, 1909, and hereby certify that the circulation, exclusive of Complimentary Copies, Free Copies and Voucher Copies sent to Advertisers, was as follows:—

	OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER.
1	256,506	265,665	1 ... \$327,673
2	256,812	267,741	2 ... 311,126
4	259,268	264,550	3 ... 315,865
5	259,572	264,357	4 ... 319,533
6	260,714	267,536	5 ... 325,221
7	260,340	264,803	6 ... 316,329
8	260,291	265,511	7 ... 317,118
9	260,756	265,082	8 ... 315,596
11	*284,070	265,055	9 ... 315,810
12	260,890	265,583	10 ... 342,630
13	260,850	265,272	11 ... 320,288
14	261,580	265,895	12 ... 319,435
15	261,771	265,948	13 ... 319,600
16	262,822	265,459	14 ... 319,315
18	265,321	285,669	15 ... 327,008
19	265,628	285,215	16 ... 320,657
20	265,513	269,058	17 ... 320,150
21	266,027	265,934	18 ... 319,042
22	265,555	268,409	19 ... 322,161
23	266,165	270,980	20 ... 316,830
25	264,429	277,346	21 ... 316,019
26	266,767	277,293	22 Xmas Day 254,665
27	263,982	280,798	23 Boxing Day 307,328
28	263,548	281,649	24 ... 317,872
29	265,873	281,179	25 ... 316,804
30	264,158	281,097	26 ... 316,254
			31 ... 316,477

Yours truly,

**GIBSON & ASHFORD,**

*Chartered Accountants,*

28, BUDGE ROW, LONDON, E.C., and

39, WATERLOO STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

*31st December, 1909.*

\* Mr. Lloyd George's Newcastle Speech.

† Lord Lansdowne's Notice to reject Budget. || Mr. Balfour at Manchester.

§ Lords' Rejection of Budget. || Mr. Asquith at Albert Hall.

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### THE UNCOUNTED COST.

By MARY GAUNT, part Author of "The Silent Ones." 6s.

WERNER LAURIE, Clifford's Inn, London.

[January 22, 1910.]

The first, and one of the best, in the book is one of those written by Sir Walter Besant himself. It gives an account of the changes in London manners and society, as well as in London streets and buildings, that took place during the century. Mr. George Turnbull contributes a good account of the coronations and other public ceremonies, but his chapter on the City is rather over-loaded with dates and statistics. Only eleven pages of the book are given to education, and the halls available for public meetings are dismissed in a catalogue occupying but a single page. Much of the contents of the work properly belongs to a guide-book. Its chief interest is to be found in the illustrations, which number 124, together with a reproduction of Crutchley's map of London in 1835. The task of selecting these illustrations has been well done, and by their help, even more than by the letterpress, we are able to form a notion of the changes London has undergone during the nineteenth century.

\* \* \*

IN "Irish Ways" (Allen, 15s. net), Miss Jane Barlow gives us a fresh collection of short stories and studies of Irish peasant life. They are written in the graceful style and marked by the quiet humor that distinguish Miss Barlow's former volumes. But, with all her sympathy, we often feel that her pictures of the Irish peasant are the fruit of observation from an outside standpoint rather than of that power to enter into the deeper recesses of his mind, which makes the work of writers like Mr. Colum so vivid and effective. The rollicking, harum-scarum Irishman of Anglo-Irish fiction is almost a thing of the past, but it should not be forgotten that, in spite of its exaggeration, it had a basis of truth, and we think that Miss Barlow paints the condition of even the poorest peasant in somewhat too sombre tints. As an account of Irish life the book is not so good as Mr. Lynd's volume, which we reviewed some weeks ago. Miss Barlow is at her best when describing Irish scenery, though she is also remarkably successful in rendering the characteristic phrases employed by the Irish peasants. The book contains some beautiful color illustrations by Mr. Warwick Goble.

\* \* \*

"THE TWO EMPIRES: THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD" (Macmillan, 6s.) is the title given to a number of lectures on ecclesiastical history, chosen from among those delivered by the late Bishop Westcott during the earlier years of his tenure of the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge. The opening lecture, which deals with Eusebius, is an excellent survey of the faults and qualities of the "Father of Church History," and some of Dr. Westcott's criticisms on Eusebius are in advance of much later writing. Thus Dr. Westcott states that "it is almost unnecessary to add" that Eusebius is uncritical. Dr. McGiffert, in a translation of the "Church History" in the series edited by Dean Wace and Dr. Schaf, goes so far as to say that "we can hardly fail to be impressed by the wisdom with which Eusebius discriminated between reliable and unreliable sources." The references given by Dr. Westcott show the baselessness of Dr. McGiffert's contention. This is but one example of the scholar's impartiality which marks every page Dr. Westcott wrote. The other topics treated in the volume are the Persecutions, the Age of Constantine, the Early Heretics, and the Council of Nicaea. Dr. Westcott's care in weighing evidence and caution in promulgating theories are seen to advantage in his discussion of several controverted points, especially in the history of the fourth century.

\* \* \*

THE matters dealt with in the greater number of the twenty-four chapters of Mr. Thornton Hall's "Love Intrigues of Royal Courts" (Laurie, 12s. 6d. net) have formed the subject for separate volumes within recent years. Catherine the Great, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lola Montez, the Chevalier D'Eon, Ludwig II. of Bavaria, Christina of Sweden, and the Man in the Iron Mask, have employed a crowd of pens. For those who like to discover the source of distinction for people of this type, but do not care to wade through a separate volume upon each of them, Mr. Hall's book should prove useful. He writes well and he has mastered his subjects, though his historical judgments are sometimes more trenchant than convincing. Take, for instance, his

treatment of the mystery surrounding the Man in the Iron Mask, in regard to which he adopts the fancy of Dumas as to a twin brother of Louis XIV. Otherwise the book requires little notice. It is better than the average of its type, though we would suggest to Mr. Hall that there is an abundance of historical studies, even of a popular kind, more worthy of his attention.

### The Week in the City.

		Price Friday morning,	Price Friday morning,
		Jan. 14.	Jan. 21.
Consols	..	..	82½
Midland Def.	..	..	58½
Union Pacific	..	..	202½
Mexican 1st Pref.	..	..	133
U.S. Steel	..	..	89½

ALL through the week the City has given itself up to a debauch of politics, but the debauch very soon produced a violent headache. In anticipation of a sweeping Unionist victory, the Tories of the Stock Exchange laid in parcels of Consols and bought options in Home Railway stocks, Brewery stocks, industrial shares, and other securities which, in their curious wayward imaginations, were regarded as likely to benefit by Tariff Reform. Seeing that one of the first measures alleged to be certain if the Unionists were returned to power was a Naval Loan, it seems scarcely probable that the price of Government stocks could have been raised by this expected increase in their amount, however convenient to the present generation the policy of leaving posterity to pay its bills might seem. As for Home Railway companies, since a large proportion of the goods that they carry and handle consists of the imports and exports which it is the avowed object of Tariff Reform to diminish, it is even more difficult in their case than in that of Consols, to see how the return of a Tariff Reform Government could have improved the prospect of their being more valuable to holders. But in the matter of stock market movements reason is by no means always—perhaps comparatively seldom—the most influential driving power. If a sufficient number of short-sighted people think that a stock is worth buying, its price will go up. If the Tories had come in there would certainly have been a rush of quite absurdly reasoned buying, with a consequent boom, probably followed by a severe reaction.

#### SECOND THOUGHTS.

Happily the common sense and sound political instinct of the people has prevailed, and the question of what might happen if a Tariff Reform Government were returned is now purely academic. For even if by some miracle a Tory majority were won, after the polls in the great industrial towns, it would not attempt to bring in Tariff Reform, which is acknowledged to be a "dead horse till next time." But the failure of the Unionist boasters to fulfil their promises was marked by severe depression in the early part of the week, and it was amusing to see the frantic efforts of the Tory Press to demonstrate in their leading articles that they were winning handsomely, while their City pages had to acknowledge that the slump was due to the slowness of reactionary progress.

#### A HAPPY ENDING.

On Thursday came a reduction in Bank rate and the Unionist victories in the counties, and the Stock Exchange was happy again. The Bank of England's position has been greatly strengthened lately by receipts of gold from abroad and the return of coin and notes from the provinces, after the usual outward flow at the end of the year; and since the great international monetary outlook is, on the whole, serene, the Bank rate has been again reduced, and it would not be surprising to see it 3 per cent. before long. Cheap money always tends to make prices of securities rise, and the long list of Unionist gains, announced one after another during the length of Monday, made the Tories of the City so happy that they quite forgot that less than a week ago they were talking of sweeping the country, and sending back a Protectionist majority to Westminster. So markets ended the week in good style, with the marked exception of American shares, which have been demoralised by the pressure of liquidation in New York.

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